Mickey Mouse Magazine

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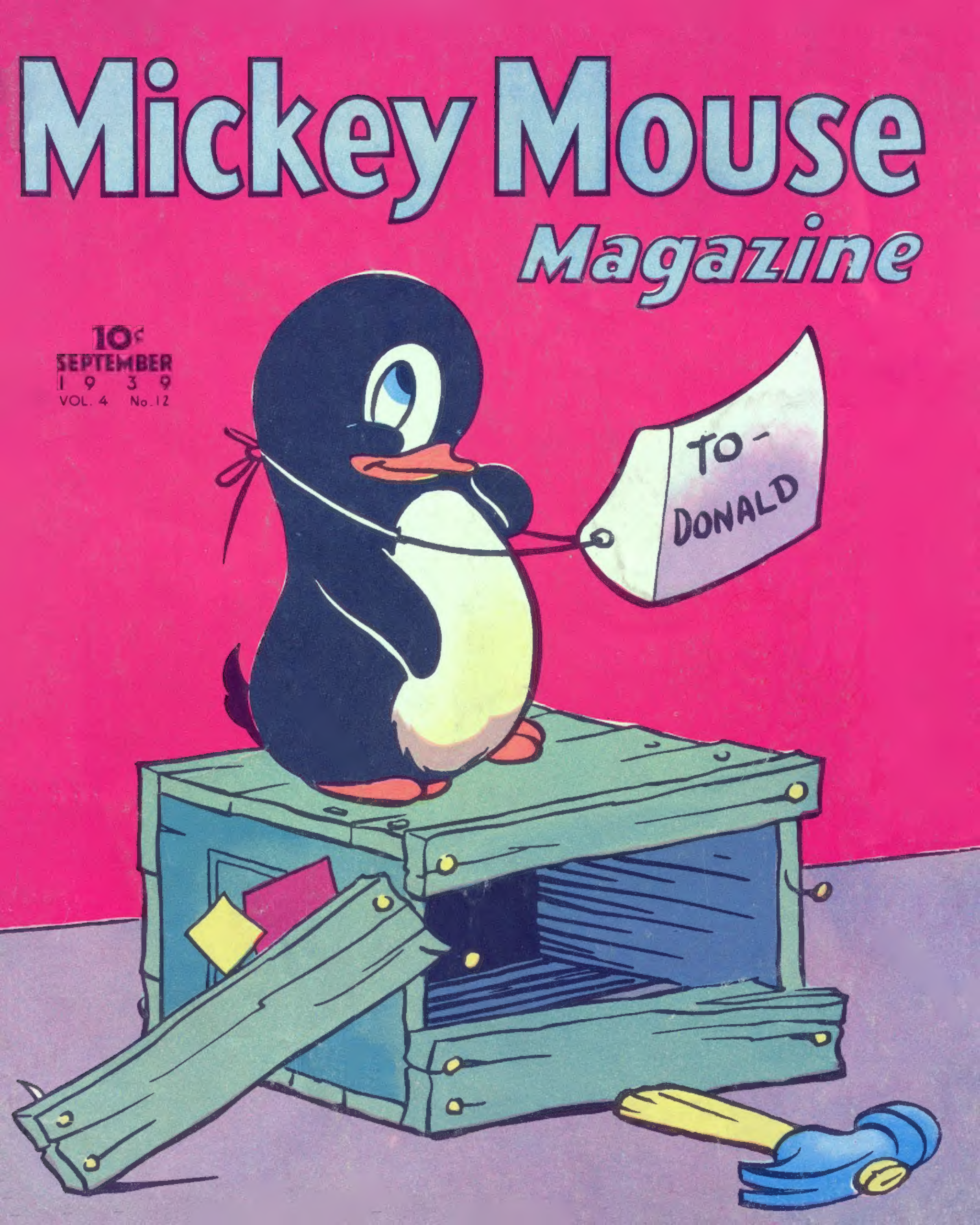

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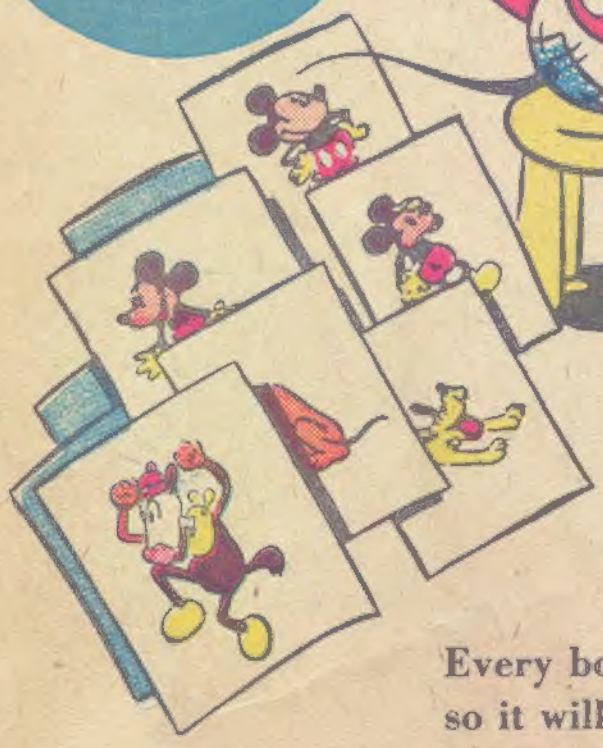

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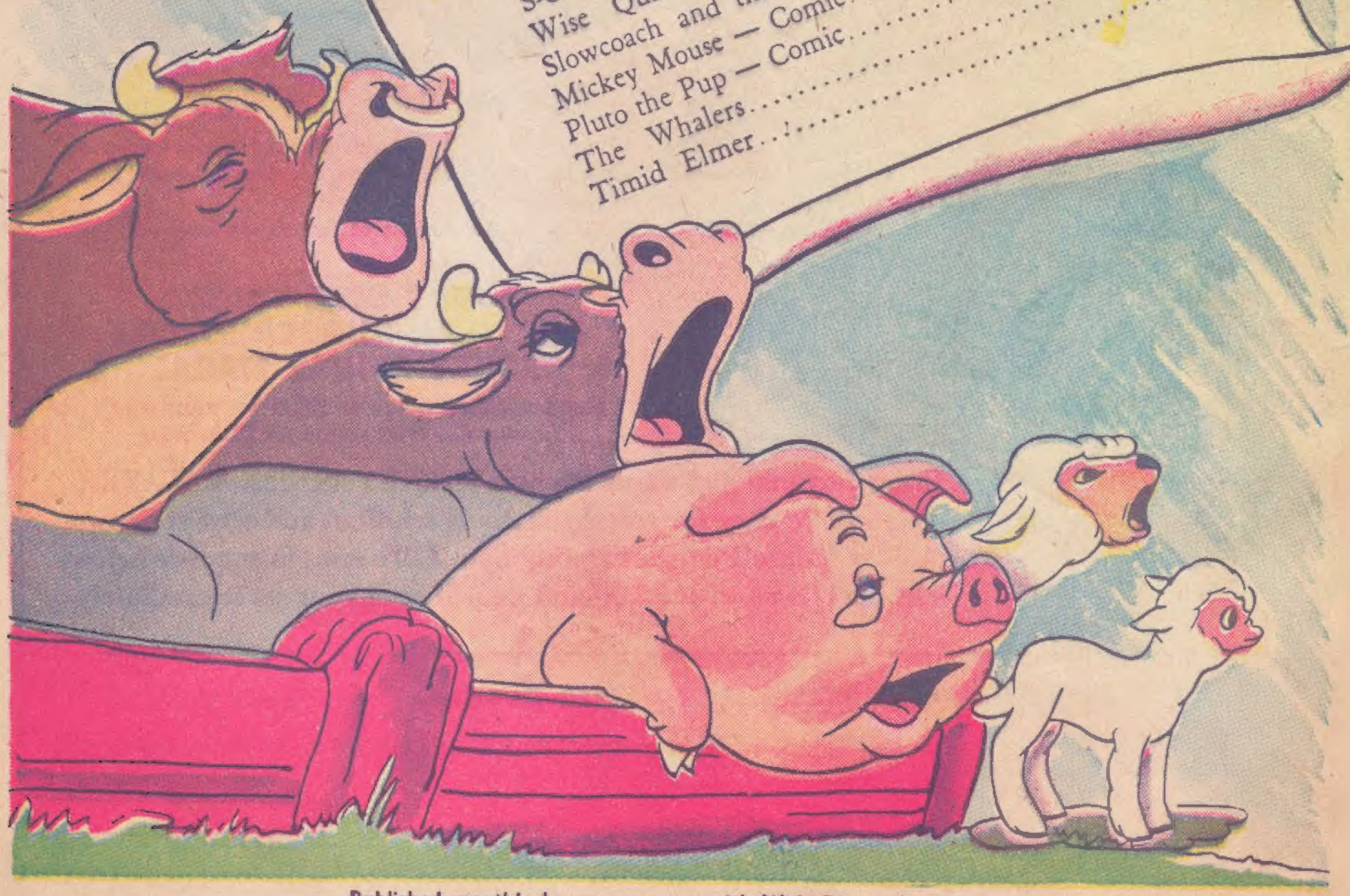

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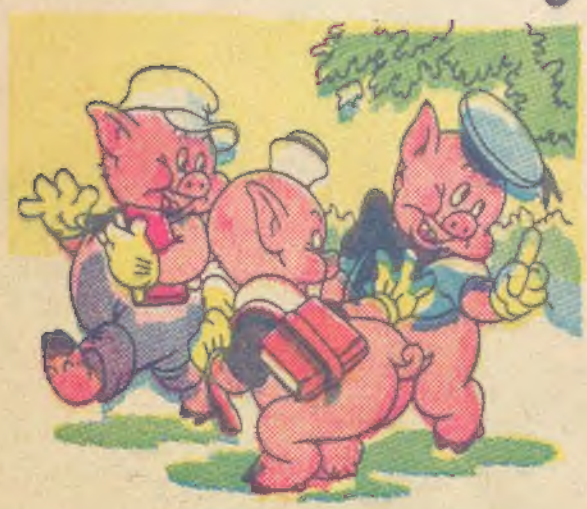
Mickey Mouse Magazine

MICKEY MOUSE, Editor

KAY KAMEN, Publisher

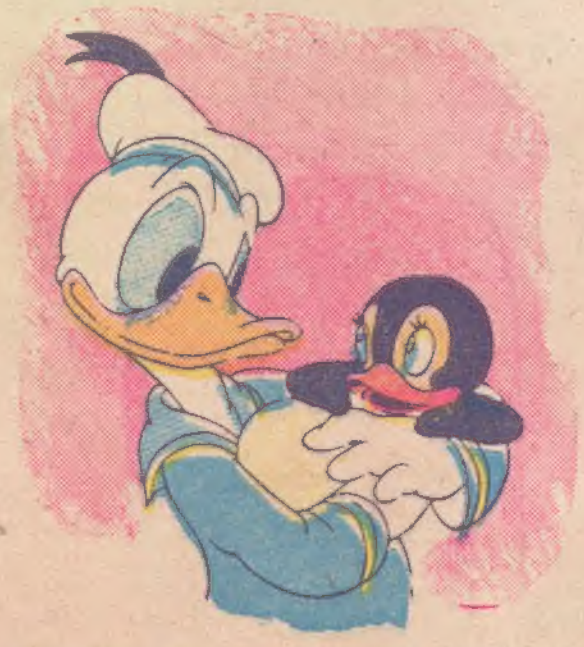
Just Between Us—



IT'S going on school time again. These last days of summer vacation seem to get away from us no matter how hard we try to hold onto them, and like it or not, we've got to pull on stockings and shoes and scrub up for the first day and the new teacher. It's the first few weeks that are hardest, while the days are still nice. But after that we kind of take the habit of wearing shoes again and being on time in the morning. Summer is gone. Christmas is coming. And there's next summer to look forward to. So it goes.

HOPE you've had a chance to keep up with all the new Disney pictures that you've been reading in the magazine. Here's a new one—DONALD'S PENGUIN. And he's the cutest blue-eyed penguin you ever did see. He even wins Donald over. If you didn't know it, Donald is a softie underneath—but of course that is strictly confidential. Understand?

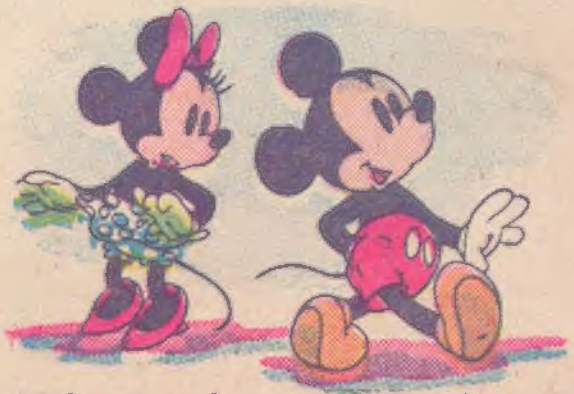
Well anyway this is one picture you just don't want to miss seeing. That little penguin has the funniest walk—and so has Donald for that matter—but he's even funnier when he's walking like a penguin!



JUST the other day Minnie Mouse said she was going to join the Girl Scouts and Mickey rolled back an eyebrow..

"But don't you think they wear the cutest suits?" she asked.

"Minnie, Girl Scouts have to work hard," protested Mickey.



"Why they have to know how to build a fire and make bandages and send signals . . ."

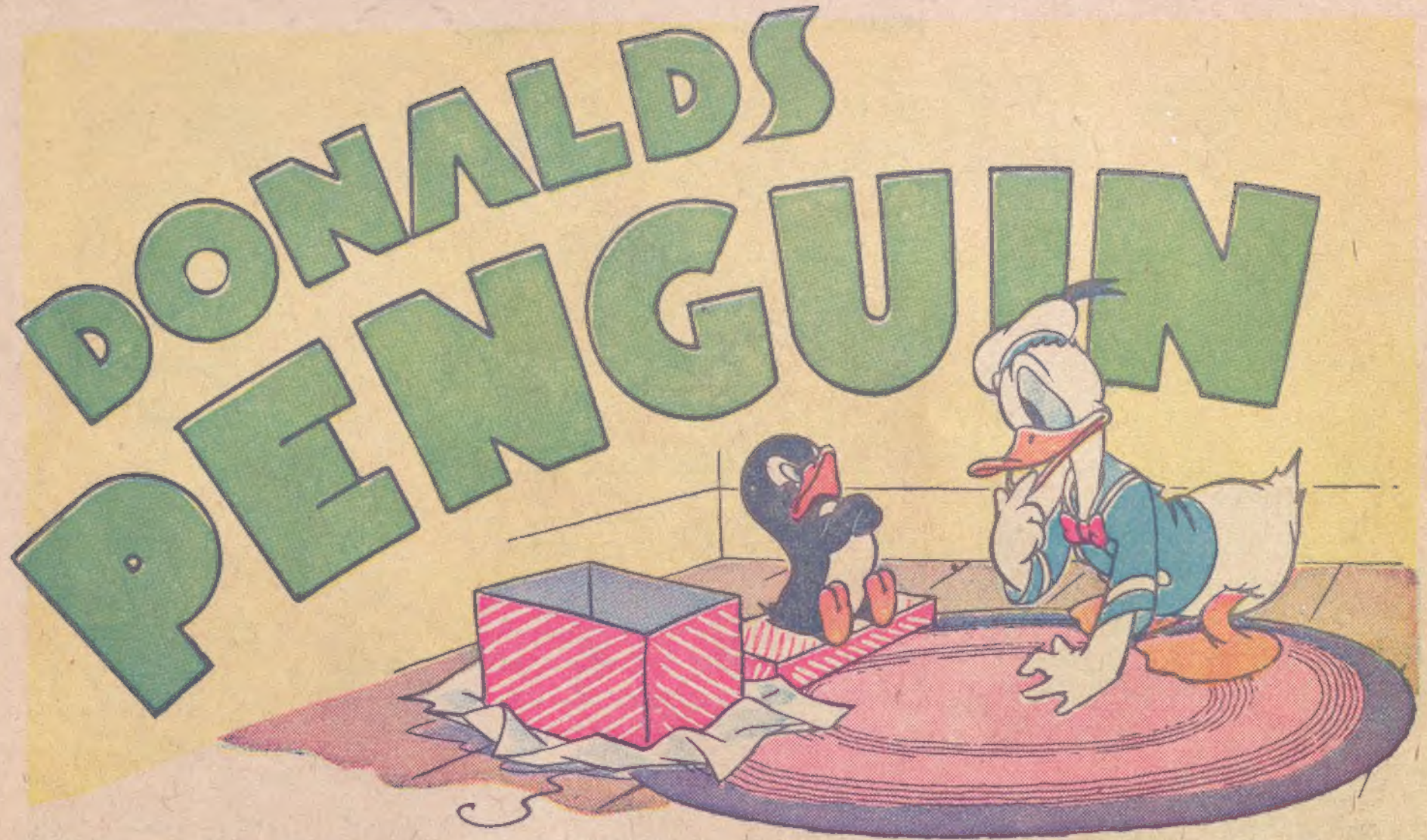
"Send *signals!*" laughed Minnie. "Ha, ha, ha! Who ever heard of anything so funny when you have a telephone!"

So Mickey gave up. But perhaps if Minnie reads S.O.S.—the scout story in this issue, then she will understand what Mickey was talking about. But women are queer that way. They usually have their own ideas and they won't exchange them for anybody's.

BE SURE to write and say what you think of color on every page of the magazine this time. It was Minnie's idea and we're sure she'd be tickled pink if you said you thought it was *great!*

And why not send your letter to Minnie herself. Just address Minnie Mouse, 1270 Sixth Ave., New York City, N. Y.

DONALD'S PENGUIN



ONE day Donald Duck received a surprise package from the South Pole.

"Boy, Oh Boy," exclaimed Donald, "I wonder what it is!"

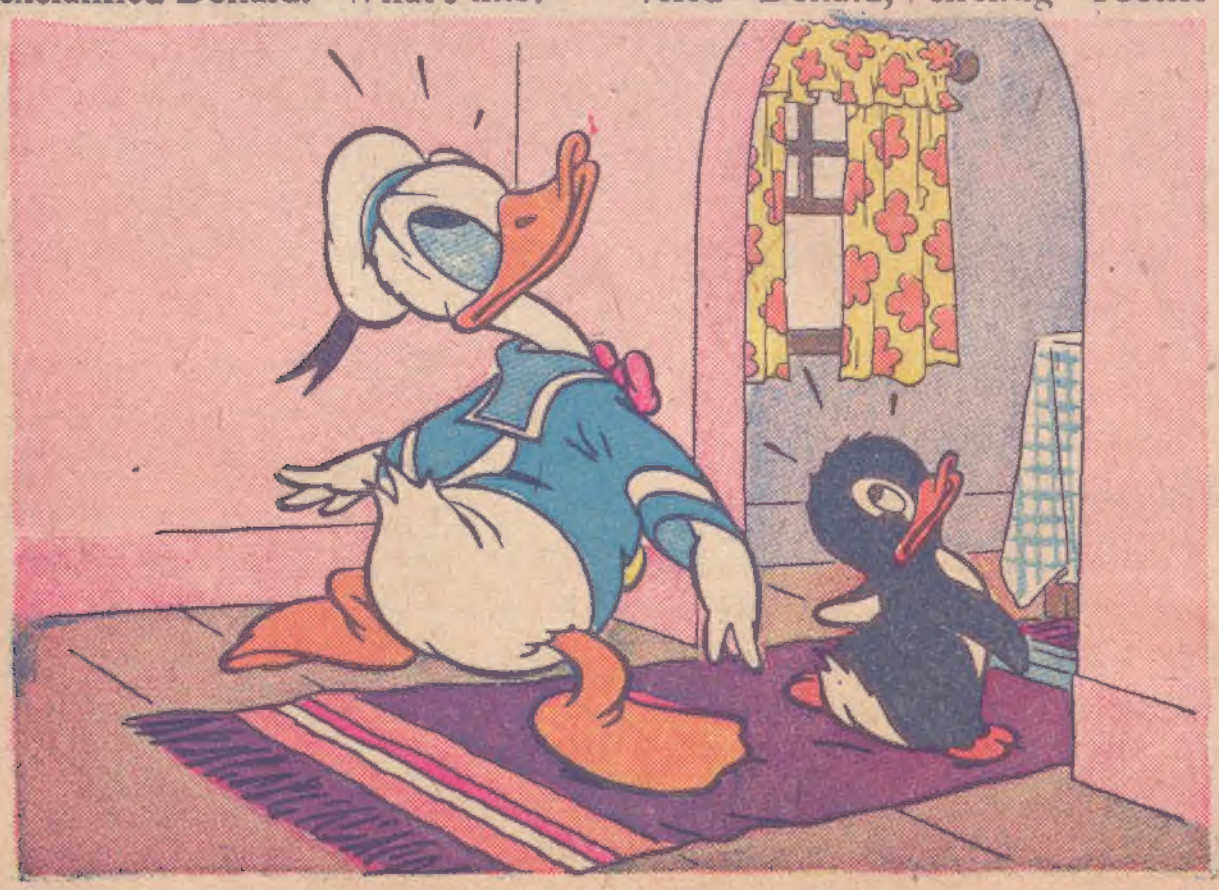
One! The string is cut! Two! The paper is off! Three! The lid is lifted, and . . . . "Oh! Oh!" exclaimed Donald. "What's this?"

Donald didn't know it, but *THIS* was a baby Penguin.

"Wake up, Tootsie!" said Donald, poking him. "Let's see what you are!"

So Tootsie woke up and looked Donald right in the eye.

"Why, I actually believe," marveled Donald, circling Tootsie and staring impolitely, "I actually believe it's a bird!"



Bird or no bird, it was no way to treat a stranger—staring at him! So Tootsie circled Donald and stared right back at him. But alas, that didn't bother Donald. Quickly he got in step with Tootsie and around they marched, with Donald imitating Tootsie's funny waddle.

Now this was very rude of Donald, and if Tootsie had noticed, his feelings would most certainly have been hurt. But Tootsie wasn't looking at Donald . . . . Tootsie was looking at three lovely plump goldfish lazily swimming about in a goldfish bowl on the window seat!

What a pleasing sight! Especially to a hungry young Penguin! Before Donald even knew what was happening, Tootsie had waddled across the room, scrambled up on the window

seat, and stood peering eagerly in at the goldfish. Not until then did Donald guess what Tootsie was about.

"Hey you!" warned Donald, "Leave those ONE-TWO-THREE fish alone!"

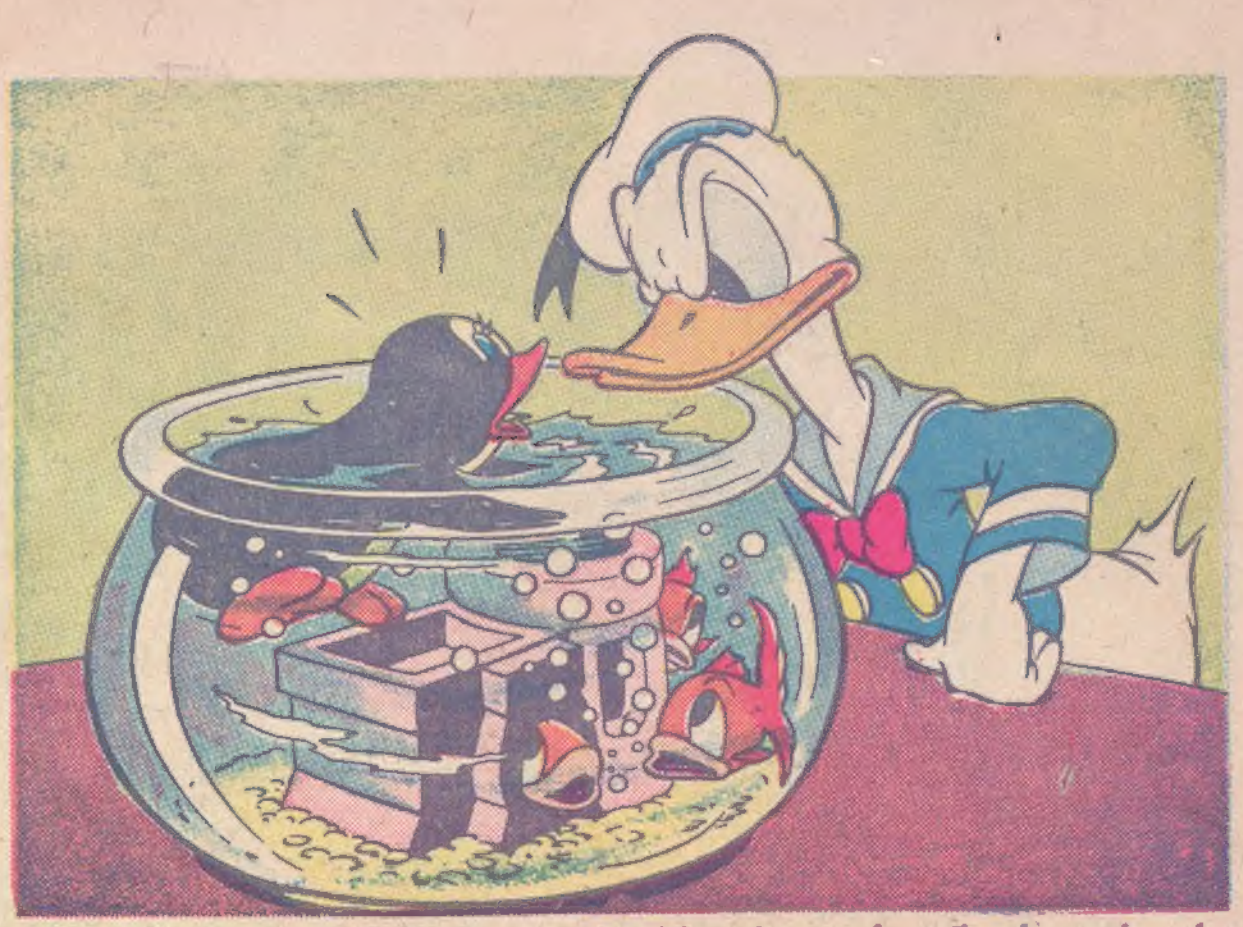
Tootsie backed away and Donald started to pick up the wrapping paper. And then it happened! Donald straightened from his work and saw Tootsie, and the goldfish bowl, and swimming about in it—ONE—TWO—WHAT!——only ONE goldfish?

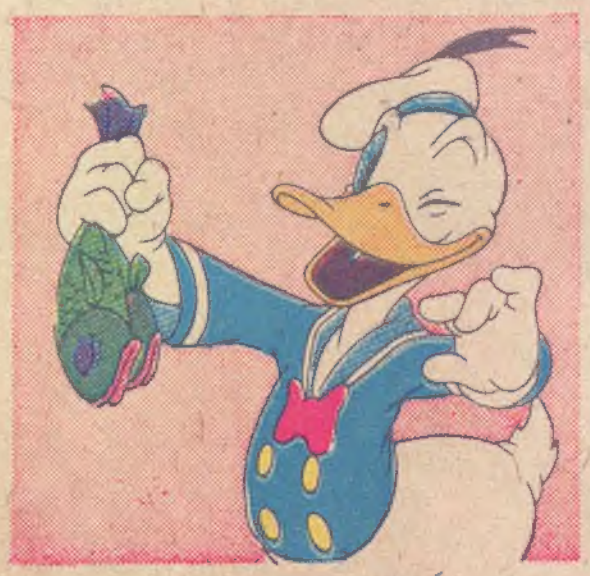
Yes, only one fish! One fish and Tootsie, looking very, very innocent! "So, you Polar Pest!" squawked Donald stamping up to poor, quaking Tootsie. "You ate it!" And snatching Tootsie up, Donald spanked him!

And then out from the underwater castle swam the other two fish! Tootsie *hadn't* eaten them!

"Oh, Oh," gasped Donald, "my error, Tootsie. I'm sorry!"

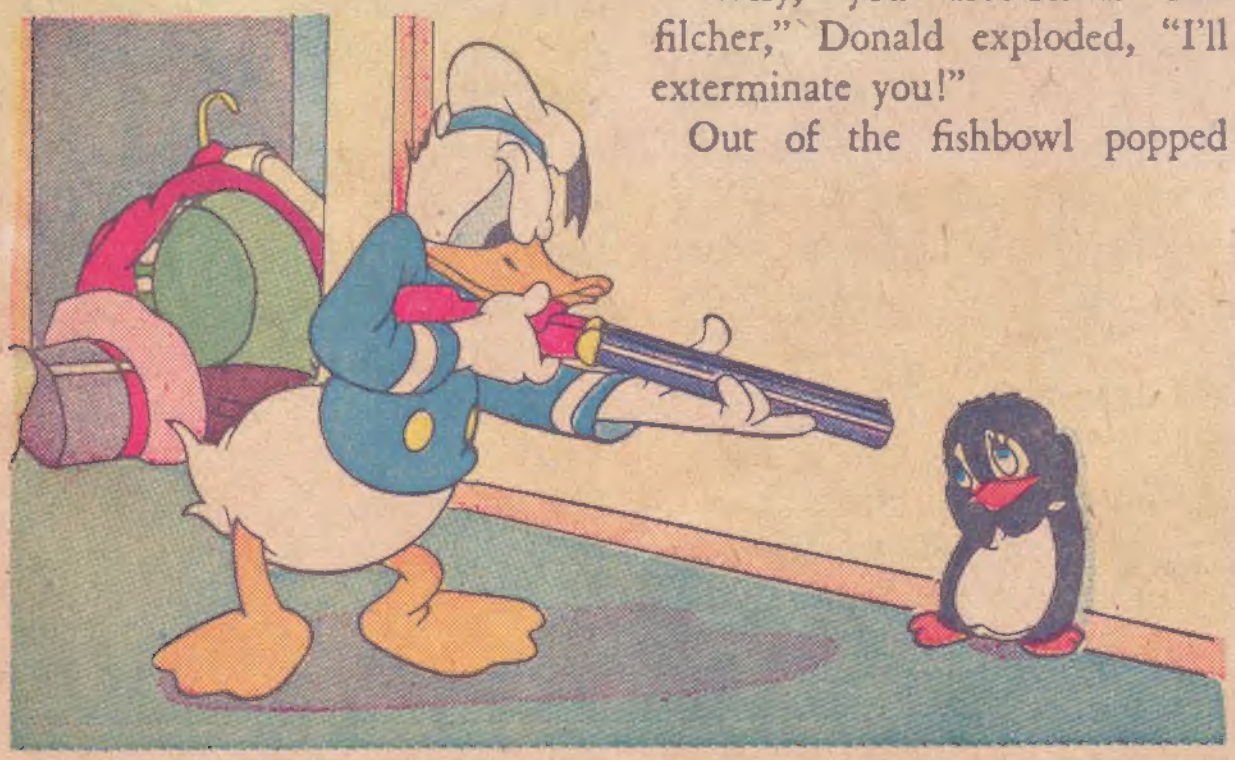
But Tootsie wouldn't forgive. So out to the kitchen raced Donald and back again with two nice fish from the refrigerator. But Tootsie wasn't interested in Donald and his two fish, because Tootsie was in the goldfish bowl and the *ONE, TWO, THREE* fish were in Tootsie!





"Why, you frostbitten fish filcher," Donald exploded, "I'll exterminate you!"

Out of the fishbowl popped Tootsie and off through the house, with Donald brandishing a hastily snatched shotgun, in hot pursuit!

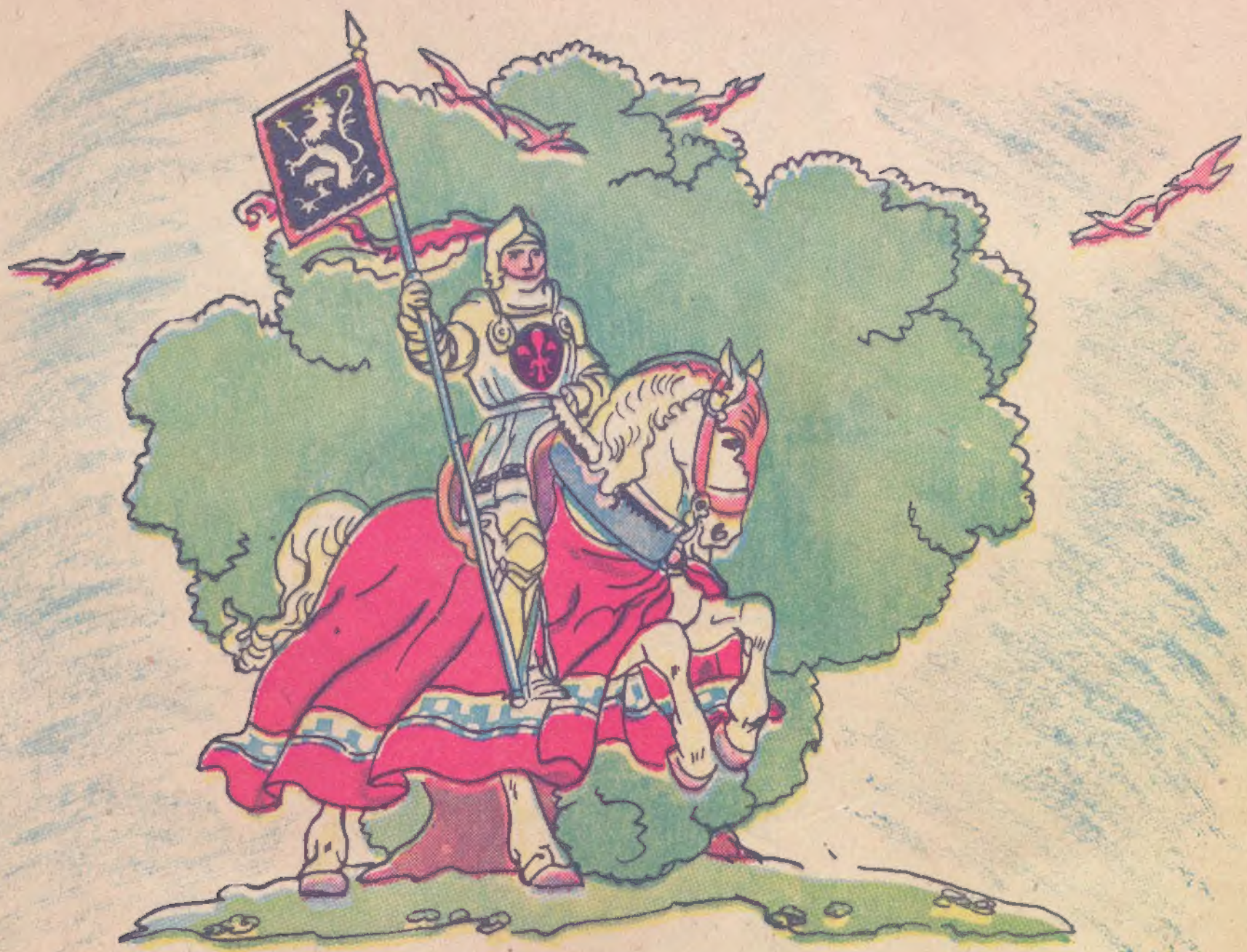


"Come out of that closet," Donald ordered, when Tootsie was finally cornered, "you're going to be executed!"

Out of the closet sidled Tootsie to stand trembling against the wall while Donald took careful aim. One, two, three salty tears dripped slowly down Tootsie's bill. Donald relented! "I can't do it," he groaned, leaning the shotgun against a table. "I just can't————." And just then the shotgun slipped to the floor and went off with a terrible bang!

When the smoke cleared away, there was nothing but a heap of plaster and a gaping hole in the wall where Tootsie had been! Donald was frantically searching the wreckage when out of the closet came Tootsie.

"Oh, boy, Tootsie, am I glad you're safe!" sighed Donald, catching him up, in his arms. "Let's forgive and forget!"



the RICHARD LION-HEARTED

A YOUNG squire struggled to release his master from the heavy armor he was wearing. It was a hot day, and the prince was none the cooler for having done battle with a passing stranger.

"Was that not a noble blow I dealt him?" he asked the boy.

"Right noble, your highness," came the answer. "Never have I seen a fellow unhorsed so speedily."

"I might have killed him," said the prince. "But the morning is hot, and perhaps he has an old mother waiting for him. What think you?"

The boy laughed. He enjoyed the freedom of having his master in a lamb-like mood. "I had not known your highness to care much about old mothers," he said.

"You wrong me," replied the prince. "Do I not bow down to my own mother in love and awe. But egad, all mothers are not like mine, else my father, King Harry, had known what to expect. She needs no arms to win her battles."

His coat of mail came off, and he flung himself down under a tree. "I shall sing you a song," he told the boy. "When the day is too hot to fight, that is the time to make up verses. Do you ever make poetry, lad?"

"Not I, your highness."

"Indeed, you should. 'Tis a pleasant pastime, and it pleases the ladies mightily. That is another thing I learned from my mother."

And he began to sing in a fine, rich voice. He was an odd mixture, this Richard,—fighter, poet

and singer, and he was as good at one trade as at the others. His powerful frame and his violent temper made him a demon in battle, but when the fight was done, he could be mild and gentle,—at least after he had been victorious.

The squire listened to him and enjoyed the music. He admired his master, though he knew he was no saint. Richard was brave. What other prince would ride about his French province with only a squire behind him. For those were days when a man might be set upon by half a dozen brigands and outlaws. Yet Richard was as content alone as with twenty knights beside him. And if he was sometimes violent, and dealt a blow that seemed unfair, well —so did many a lesser master, and it was *something* to serve the king of England's son.

The song over, they returned the way they had come to the solid stone castle. A messenger was waiting for them. He had ridden hard from the coast and he was worn out, but he had been warned to make haste because his message was important. It came from Eleanor, Queen of England.

In a moment Richard's gentle mood was gone. "I have rebelled against my father before," he cried, "and if need be, I can rebel again. Still he holds my mother in prison. He is afraid Eleanor is better able to rule England than he. Aye, and so she is. And she will *rule* even though he bar her door with steel."

The prince paced the floor in a raging fury. For all his will of iron, his mother's influence was strong. She was too clever to tell him what to do, but she kept him on her side through all the family quarrels.

The family of Henry II, King of England, was famous for its quarrels. Husband fought wife, brother fought brother, and the sons only united to fight against their father. The trouble was that they were too much alike, and you cannot have harmony in a group of six hot-headed persons, all determined to rule.

Richard loved his mother, and he was jealous of John, his younger brother, because the father favored him. Indeed, most of the family were against Prince John. He not only had the bad temper of his brothers, but he was a coward, which the others certainly were not.

Now the rumors came from England that Henry would make John the next king.

"But that he shall not do," cried Richard. "I will fight for my rights. The crown must come to me."

And fight he did, waging a

long and victorious war against his father.

When Henry died, Richard the Lion-Hearted returned to England. He liberated his mother from prison, and they planned a magnificent coronation. All the nobles and bishops were to march in a brilliant procession, amazing London with their gay robes and marvelous jewels.

Richard was thrilled by the display, and by the importance of being king. But the excitement did not last long enough. He was born to be a fighter, not a ruler, and he could not bear to sit at home after he was crowned. Since there was peace in England, he decided to wage his wars elsewhere, and he made up his mind to go on a crusade.

"I will go to the Holy Land and drive out the Saracens, and bring back the cross," he said.

The people were not very well pleased with this, because wars cost money, and it is the people who have to pay. Moreover, this was the third crusade, and it seemed unlikely that the Holy Land would ever be held by the Christians. But nothing could stop Richard. He collected a great army and a fleet of boats and started out.

The journey was a slow one. In those days ships did not travel fast, and the king seemed to be in no hurry. He stopped along the way to visit or to fight, as the case might be, and everyone far and wide heard of the great courage of Richard the Lion-Hearted.

Behind him in England Prince John was plotting to seize the throne. Before him in Syria, Saladin, leader of the Saracens was waiting to meet this mighty warrior of whom he had heard so much.

The French were also waiting for Richard, for they were his allies on the crusade. Together the armies hoped to take the city of Acre. But they had a hard time of it, because their leaders could not agree. The French king thought he should lead the army, and Richard would never stand for that.

When one army was ready to fight, the other was not. But in spite of all the disagreements, the city was finally taken. The flags of France and England and the

red cross, banner of the crusades, were raised, and beside them was the banner of the archduke of Austria.

Once again Richard lost his temper. "A duke's flag beside

those of kings!" he cried. "It cannot be." And he tore down the standard and let it trail in the dust. There are those who say he also knocked down the archduke, but whether or not that is true, he made an enemy of him, and one day, the archduke got even.

The war went on and Saladin and Richard grew to admire each other greatly. One day Saladin heard that the English king had lost his horse in battle.

"Take him this one," he commanded. And he sent a fine Arabian steed to his enemy.

Richard was full of admiration for the beautiful spirited horse. He told one of his men to mount it. No sooner was the knight on its back than the horse bolted for the camp of the Saracens. Nothing the man could do would

hold him back

That made Saladin wonder what Richard would think, for it looked as if the horse had been specially sent to bring the king back a captive. So he sent another horse as a gift, with many apologies.

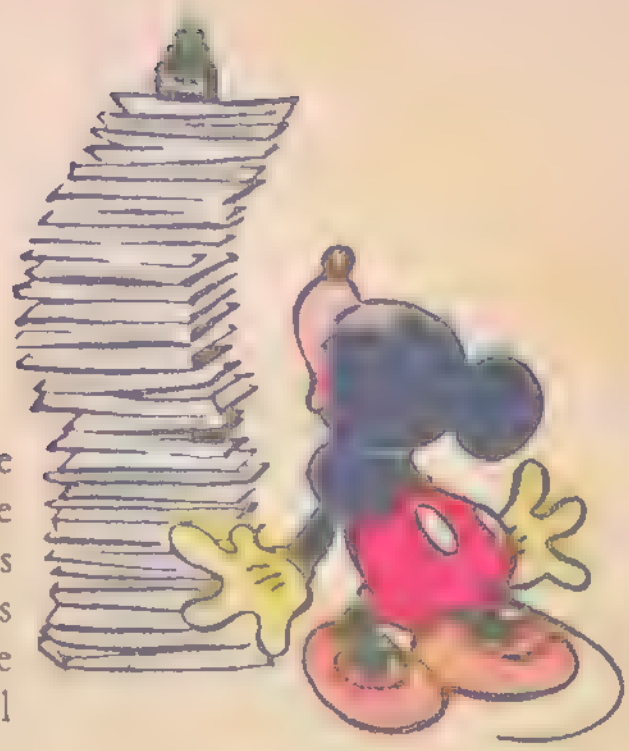
This time Richard mounted the horse himself, so that Saladin would know he trusted him. And the horse behaved very well. He was such a beautiful one, that Richard always rode him.

But the crusade did not turn out as well as Richard expected. The French army was restless, and many of the men returned home. In England, too, an army was needed to control the powerful Prince John. More than that, Richard himself had a fever, and was ill for a long time. So at last he made a truce with Saladin in which the Christians gained certain rights, but the Saracens remained the owners of the Holy Land.

Then Richard set sail. Some of his boats had gone on ahead, and arrived safely at their destination. His own ship was caught in a dreadful storm and wrecked.

Continued on page 25

LETTERS to the EDITOR



Dear Mickey:

This is the first time I have written to you. I really don't know why I did not write to you before in South Africa because I am now having a trip around the world. We will stay in New York for a month but when I get settled down in Cape Town once more I will write regularly. Then I will send you stamps and tell you all about South Africa. My little dog Taffy sends his love to Pluto and wants to know if he's a thoroughbred like he is. Give my love to Minnie, Horace, Clarabelle, Pluto and yourself.

Myfanwy Williams
Cape Town, S. Africa
Age 8

Dear Mickey:

Did you know you had pals in China, too? I am the only one around here who gets your magazine so it stays with me only one day. I have the chicken-pox but I am almost well. Life out here is very nice. I go to clubs, have boxings and go to movies. I have a wire-haired fox terrier named Dopey. I think Mr. Don Duck should not lose his temper because it will get him into a lot of trouble.

George Carver, Jr.
Shanghai, China
Age 9

Dear Mickey:

I live in Bethel, Alaska, where it is very cold. A friend gave me the magazine for Christmas and I hope the first copy comes soon. There are no streets here and only one road as it is a small place.

Jack Hansen
Bethel, Alaska
Age 9

Dear Mickey:

I like your magazine. Mother bought me a Mickey Mouse umbrella and on rainy days I use it and think of you. I will be waiting for the next issue to hear more about the good old giant and his magic tooth.

Claudette DeVevey
New York City, N. Y.
Age 7

Dear Mickey Mouse:

I enjoy reading your magazine very much. I can't wait for the story of Peter the Farm Detective.

Daddy is in London and my brother goes to see him every Saturday. Mummy sends my brother the Mickey Mouse Magazine from the stand. I am glad Donald won the fight in Sea Scouts.

Yvonne Abercrombie
Vancouver, B. C.
Age 9

Dear Mickey:

I like your magazine very much. I think you are swell. The children in my block like your magazine and make plays out of the stories.

Patricia Kearns
Chicago, Illinois
Age 10

Dear Mickey and Family:

In the June issue I enjoyed following the instructions in making the Match Box Village and also enjoyed all the stories. What happened to Minnie?

Your loving friend,
Marilynn Mettke
Santurce, Puerto Rico
Age 10

Hello, Everybody!

Old pals and new pals be sure to write your name and address and age clearly at the bottom of your letter and send it to: Editor, Mickey Mouse Magazine, 127c Sixth Avenue, New York City.

Your pal,
Mickey

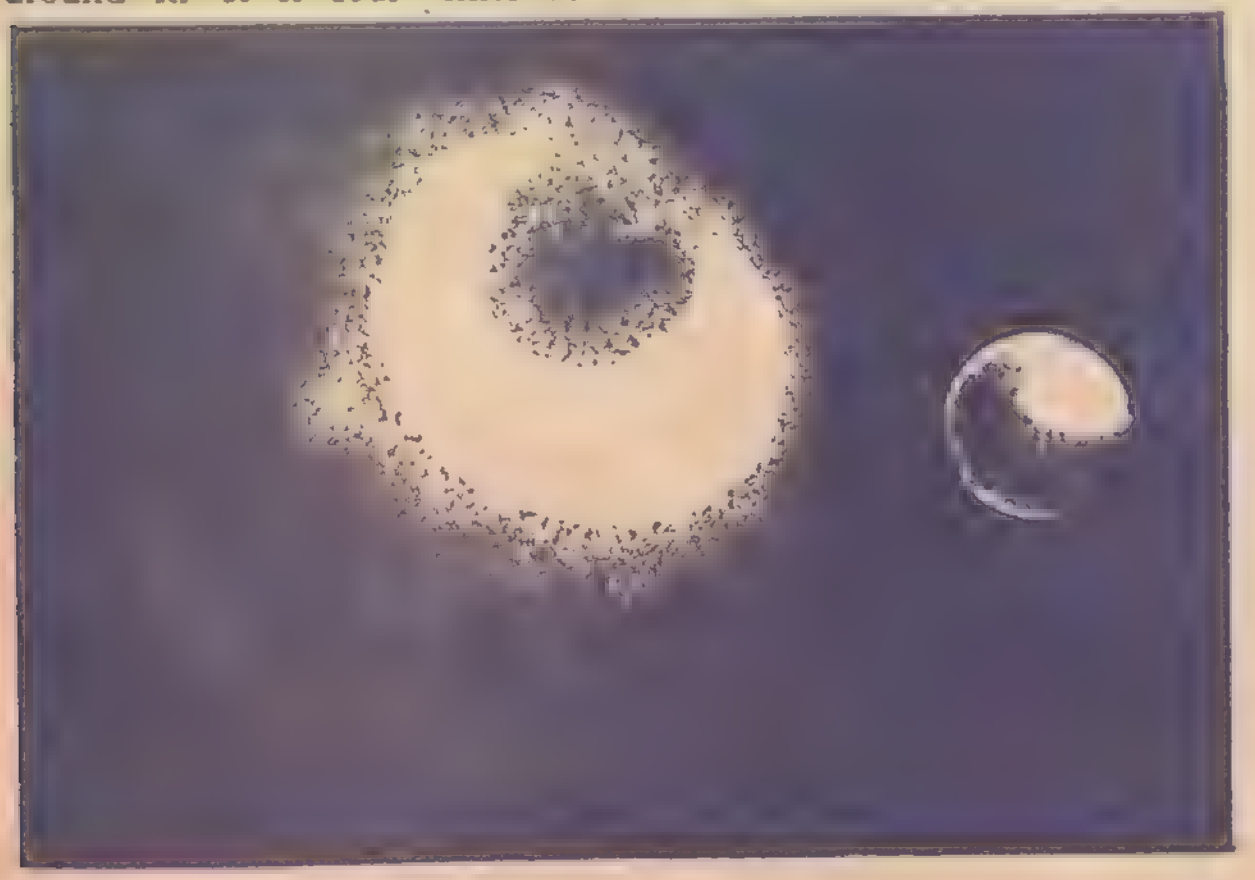
URANUS NEPTUNE and PLUTO

By Dorothy Bennett, Assistant Curator, Hayden Planetarium

FAR OUT beyond Saturn lie three more worlds which move around the sun as the others do. These are so distant that we cannot see them with just our eyes, so they were not even known until after telescopes had been in use for some time. Uranus was found in 1781. Neptune in 1846 and Pluto in 1930: These worlds revolve around the sun in the same direction that the others do, rotate on their axis just as the others do, and their moons behave the same way too.

Uranus is so far from the sun (nearly two billion miles) that it takes 84 of our years to go once around it. It is four times as wide as the earth is, yet it completes a turn twice as fast upon its axis. A day there is only about eleven earth-hours. Four moons accompany it on its journey through space and go through their phases as our moon does.

Neptune, nearly three million miles from the sun, requires 164 of our years for one revolution. If you live to be 80 on the earth you would be just ½ a year old upon Neptune. This planet is nearly four times the diameter of the earth and completes a rotation in about one-half the time that the earth does. Just one moon has been found for Neptune.

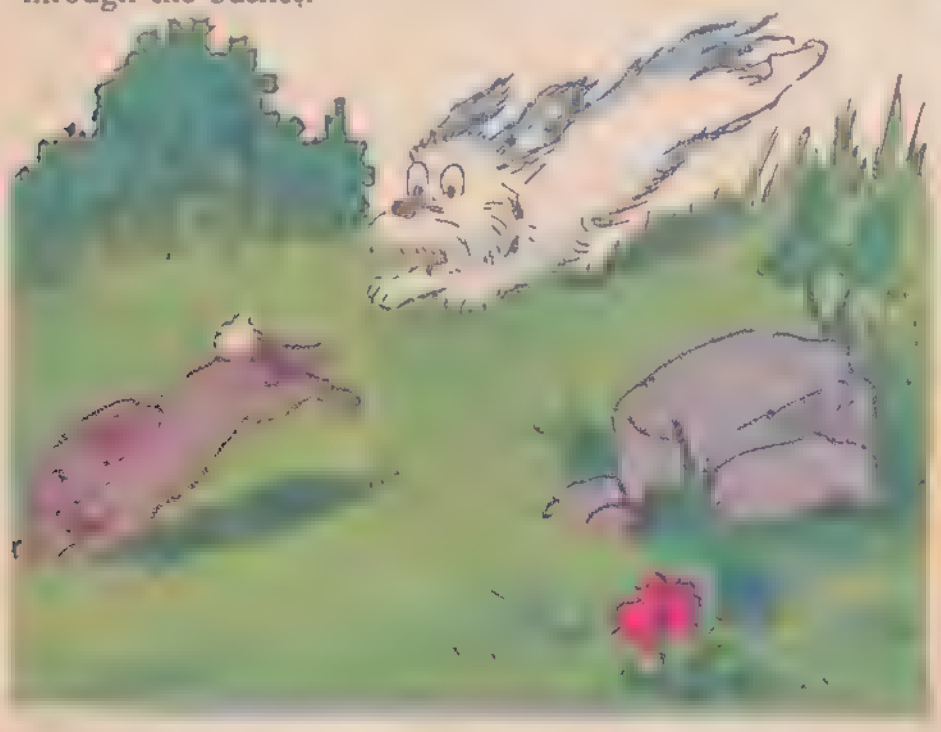


Uranus was discovered by accident—William Herschel just happened to notice it in his telescope. Neptune was actually discovered because two men, Leverrier and Adams, were searching for it. They thought that a world must be there because of certain irregularities in the motions of Uranus. Pluto was found after fifteen years of constant search with telescope and camera. Percival Lowell felt sure that there was a ninth planet because of the way that Uranus and Neptune moved in their orbits. He started the search in 1915 and in 1930 the little world was found. It is small, only about one-half the size of the earth and it is over 3½ billion miles away from the sun. It takes nearly 250 of our years for Pluto to make one yearly journey around the sun. As far as we know, it moves through space unaccompanied by any moon, and as far as we know, it is the last world in the family of the sun. But before 1930 we counted Neptune the last planet. Now we have another. Perhaps in years to come someone will find another planet and then we shall count ten worlds moving around that one star we call the sun.

PETER THE FARM DETECTIVE

PETER and Watson and Nosey set off through the woods looking for a good solid tree to build a house in. It was Peter's idea but Watson couldn't make any sense out of it.

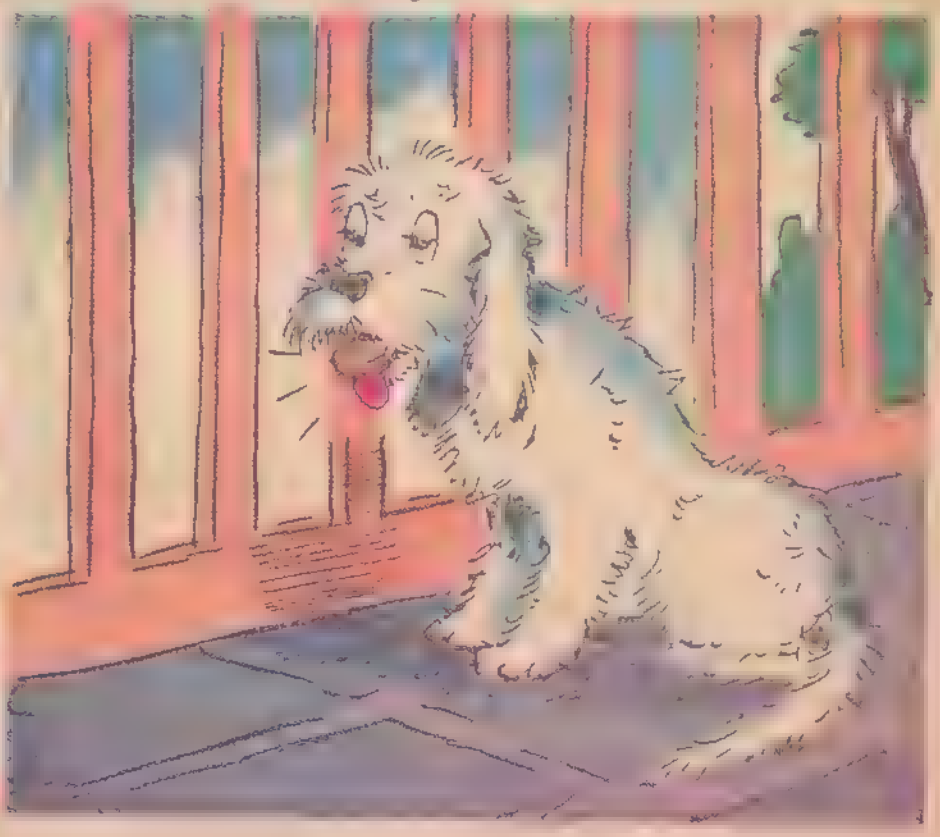
Nosey caught sight of a cotton tail and disappeared through the bushes.



"What I can't understand nohow is why is you lookin' for a tree? Why don't you jes build yoh house on de groun'?" asked Watson, scratching his head.

"It isn't exactly a house I'm planning to build, Watson, it's a lookout," said Peter. "And we'll take my grandfather's spyglass up there."

Nosey never did come back and that night after supper Peter and Watson walked round and round calling, "Nosey! Nooo-seeey!" And suddenly a very dirty Nosey dragged himself onto the porch. He was very tired. Between his teeth something glittered. Peter reached down and took it in his hand and then held it to the light. It was a gold coin dated 1850!



It was hardly light the next morning when Peter and Watson set out with shovels and told Nosey to lead the way. He took them over the stream and through the thickest part of the wood to a rabbit hole.

It didn't take Peter and Watson long to set to work. With the first shovelful two rabbits darted out and Nosey was off after them.

In a few minutes they uncovered a whole pile of glittering gold pieces.

"Man alive!" exclaimed Watson. "Dis am a tortune for sho!"

Peter didn't say a word but kept on digging. Careful now, he examined each clump of earth he dug up. Very soon he found what he was looking for—the remains of a leather wallet. And printed clearly on a heavy silver nameplate: JOSIAH HOPEWELL.

"Well, there's one thing sure," laughed Peter. "Little Josey didn't plant this gold. He's only two years old. But I bet my last nickel it won't take us long to find out who did."

They divided the money into two sacks and carried it safely home before setting out for the Hopewell's shack.

They were very poor and lived in a mean part of town. In no time at all Peter had heard the whole story from Grandma Hopewell herself. Her father was killed in the Civil War, and things were very different now. They were so well off before the war.

Peter grinned and pulled the old tattered wallet from his pocket. Then he told of what he had found.

That night the whole family of Hopewells took dinner at Peter's house and it was the happiest party that Peter had ever had. But Nosey, the real hero of the occasion, was curled fast asleep on the rug in front of the fire.

Oh dandelion, where do you get
your golden dress?
From the sun's rays, I guess.
Oh dandelion, you've pretty
green leaves for sleeves!

Alma P. Barkey
New York City, N. Y.
Age 8

Katherine M. Guell
Fond du lac, Wis.
Age 5

I woke up from a sound sleep and right in my dark bedroom I heard an awful voice say, "One bullet will fix you so you can't squeal—and here goes!"

There was a shot . . . but I did not feel anything and it was someone else who screamed.

Just then my dad turned on the light and said, "Sonny, why didn't you turn off your radio before you went to sleep?"

Erik Madisen, Jr.
Appleton, Wis.
Age 9

How beautiful the wind is to-
night
As it blows through the tall
spruce tree.
Like a ghost it rides on the wind-
ing road
With a whistle loud and free.
It blows as fierce as a giant's
breath
And it seems to howl with glee
Till the sun shoots up with a
streak of light
Then the birds sing merrily.

Joan Lucille Sleeper
Washington, D. C.
Age 10

Now the flowers start to bloom
And the bees begin to zoom
All the birds singing in tune
In this beautiful month of June

Jimmie Snedden
Walkerville, Ontario
Age 8

Down the hill we gaily go
Hit a bump and over we go
In the air, now on the ground
Spinning round and round.

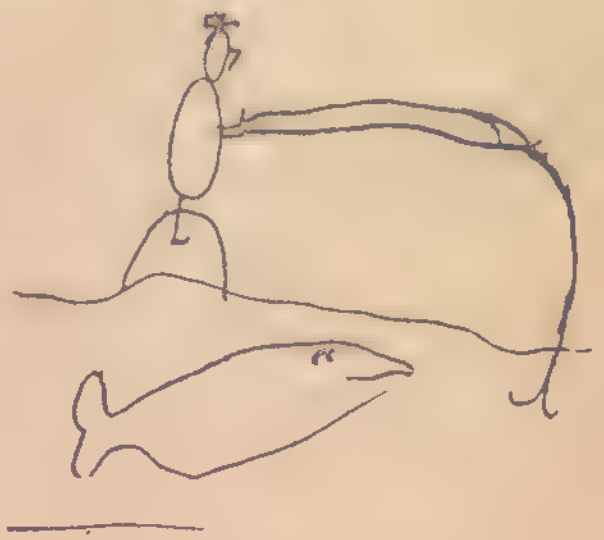
Snow's still dancing in the air
It's on my coat and in my hair.
Up the hill we tramp again
Then down the hill we fly again.

Richard Harding
Washington, D. C.
Age 10

Joan Weber
Columbus, Ohio
Age 7

I dance and sing
And play on my swing.
My swing is the throne
Because I am King!

Elsa Swartz
Baltimore, Maryland
Age 7



Bobby McCone
Medicine Bow, Wyo.
Age 7

. We will consider your submission of contributions to this page as permission that they be printed.

ACROSS

1. Adult male
3. Flying rodent
6. Pronoun plural
8. Denoting motion towards
9. Affirmative
11. To wash
13. Girl's name
15. Advertisement
17. Baby name for father
18. Male child
19. Folding bed

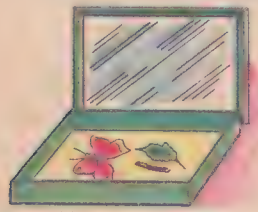
DOWN

1. Earth and water mixed
2. Adverb
4. Preposition
5. Unit of weight
7. Ore
9. Sweet potato
10. Pronoun
12. Motor fuel
14. Domestic animal
16. Perform
17. Perform

Solution to crossword puzzle on page 29

More Collecting

HOW many different kinds of insects do you suppose there are in the world? Think of the ones you know: ants, flies, grasshoppers and honey bees. Perhaps you can recognize thirty or forty of them. But that is just the barest beginning because scientists have identified almost 700,000. There are more varieties of insects than there are of birds and animals combined,



so wouldn't it be fun to make an insect collection?

The first thing you want is a killing jar. Any pint jar with a tight-fitting lid will do. Tear up a few scraps of cardboard and put them in the bottom of it. Then pour in a little gasoline until the cardboard is soaked. Or instead of gasoline, it is possible to use one of the cleaning fluids your mother may have for taking spots out of clothing.

Now cut a cardboard disk the same size as the jar, and put it just above the wet pieces so that it is like a shelf. Always keep the lid on tight, except when you are putting in the insects. From

time to time it will be necessary to add a little gasoline or cleaning fluid, so that the fumes will be strong enough to kill the insects quickly.

The next step is to catch something. There are three ways to go about it. If the insect you want to capture is a tiny, crawling one, lick the end of your finger, rest it lightly on top of

him and pop him into your bottle.

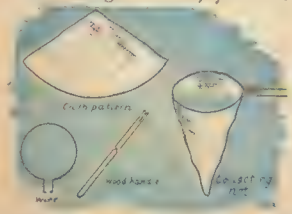
For the next larger size, it is handy to carry a few pill bottles in your pocket. Take out the cork and put the opening of the bottle over the insect. If he doesn't walk into the bottle himself, you can tip it slightly and give him a gentle push.

Of course, the flying insects are the hardest and the most fun to catch. For them you need a butterfly net. They are cheap, if you want to buy one, but if you have a pole or broomstick, a piece of heavy, stiff wire and some mosquito netting, you can make your own.

Sew the netting into a triangular bag, with the point of the

triangle for the bottom of it. Make a hem at the top, so that you can slip the wire through. Then bend the wire until the top of the net is held open and fairly round, like a fish net. There should be enough wire that after you have made this loop, the ends will be long enough to wind tightly around the pole, and hold the net and handle together. If your pole is strong, you can drive a nail through it to hold the wire more securely.

Now you are ready to hunt for butterflies and moths, and you will find that they can give you quite a bit of exercise. As soon as you have caught some, and a few beetles, crickets and other things as well, you will



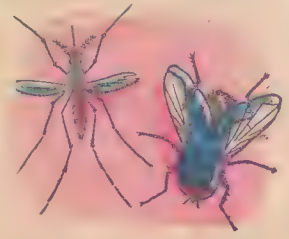
want to find out what they are and mount them.

If you look up each insect in a book, you will find that it has a long Latin name as well as a common name. "What a nuisance!" you may think, but there is a good reason for it. The common names of insects vary according to the locality, but the Latin name never changes, whether it be in Missouri or in Russia.

For example: the corn earworm of the corn belt is called the cotton boll worm in the south, and in the tomato-raising country it becomes the tomato fruit worm. But all over the world scientists know it as *Helio-*

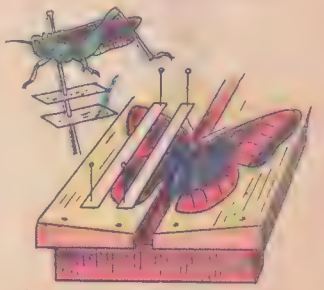
this obsoleta. It isn't necessary for a beginner to learn all these difficult names, but sometimes it is fun to know one or two, just to surprise your friends.

When you find out what the name of your insect is, write it on a tiny card. Then run a common pin through the center of its body, so that the insect is



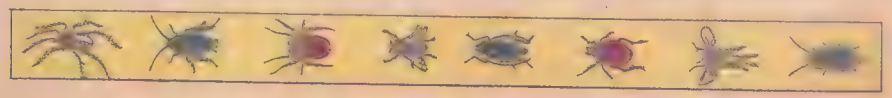
placed up near the top of the pin. Next put the name card on the pin. Then if you have a cigar box or a regular collection tray, you can mount the insect, simply by sticking the point of the pin into the bottom of the box.

This method is good for many kinds of insects, but moths and butterflies require special treatment. They must be pinned on a spreading board for several days, so that the wings dry flat. Then they should be placed under glass on a thin layer of cotton. Butterflies are so delicate



that in an ordinary box their wings are likely to be torn.

AS YOU learn more and more about insects, you will find that while many of them are pests, many others are useful, and often help to destroy the bad ones. So it is very stupid to kill any insect you see just because it is an insect. Wait till you find out which ones are harmful and ought to be destroyed.



STEPHEN ROGERS kicked the dust savagely as he walked along the road, and now and then he stopped and drove one clenched fist into the open palm of the other hand.

"Fool! Fool! Fool!" he muttered over and over again. "Four weeks' work wasted! I knew it all just like ABC but as soon as I get on that platform, something clicks and I forget . . . every time, every time!"

He plunged his hands in his pockets and strode along full of his thoughts. Only a short time ago he had joined the Scout Troop and more than anything he wanted to have a badge to wear on his uniform. He studied his code and his signals until he knew them frontwards and backwards—but when the scoutmaster called his name and he walked up to take the test, he forgot everything. He wanted to run and hide, do anything to avoid the shame of looking so stupid. Over and over again he told himself that he wasn't stupid, but he knew the boys and the scoutmaster must think he was and that hurt almost as much as not passing the test and receiving his badge.

"I wish something would happen to cure me of that awful stage-fright!" he said aloud. "If I don't do something soon I shall never get the badge!"

And he was miserable.

Suddenly the road was lighted by a car coming along behind him. Stephen was so busy with his unhappy thoughts he didn't notice, until he heard a terrible screeching of brakes.

He glanced up and saw it was his father's car and James, the new chauffeur, was just stepping out.

"HI!" cried Stephen, feeling suddenly very happy not to have to walk the rest of the way home.

The chauffeur looked uneasy and worried as he helped Stephen into the back seat.

"Your father has met with an accident," he said quickly, "and I am returning with a doctor."

"Accident!" exclaimed Ste-

phen, stopping short. "Is he badly hurt?"

"Nothing to worry about," said James, patting his shoulder. "Jump in and we'll soon be home."

The *doctor* in the back seat was not their old family doctor, Stephen discovered when he sat down, but a complete stranger. And before he could ask any more questions an arm shot out and cotton wadding was clamped firmly over his nose. He fought desperately for breath but at last the chloroform took effect and his struggles became weaker and finally ceased.

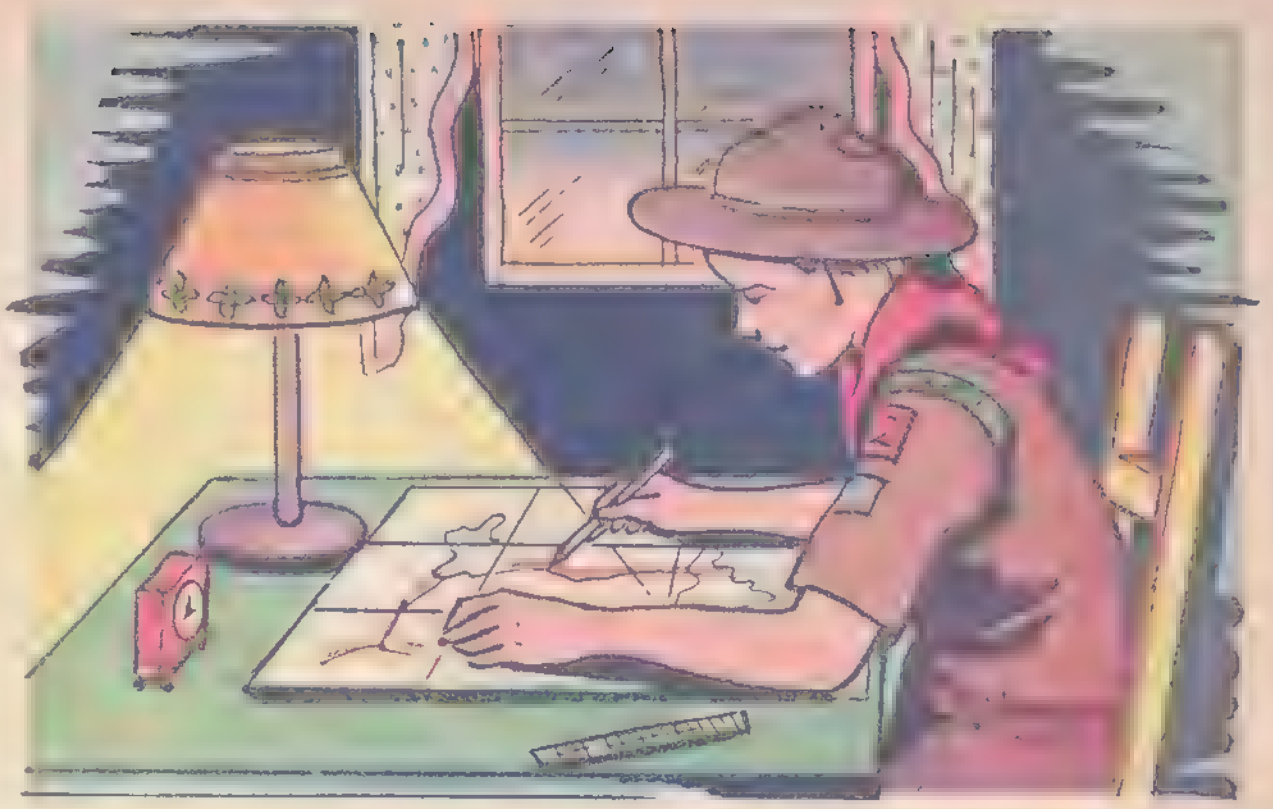
The chauffeur looked back and seeing Stephen's limp form on the seat, merely grunted, "Good!" and sped the car along toward the foothills.

THE telephone rang and rang until the scoutmaster finally jumped from his bed and picked up the receiver.

"Hello," he said sleepily.

As he listened he became alert and tense. He was wide awake now.

"You say Stephen didn't come home from scout meeting tonight and that you have a note saying he's been kidnapped? Have you told the police? Oh, I see, they want to hold Stephen and keep you from giving evidence on the arson gang."



"That's it," came Mr. Rogers' voice over the wire. "You must help me some way. These men will stop at nothing. We've got to act quickly to save the boy."

"You say Stephen is probably in the foothills?" said the scoutmaster, shaking his head. "You could hide a hundred people there and not see a trace of them for months, but you can count on my help—and all the boys, too. I'll lay out a plan now and we'll be off the first thing in the morning."

THE morning dawned cold and clear but a small lamp still burned in the scoutmaster's room where he pored over a map of the region. Then he stuffed the rough pencil drafts he had made into his pocket and went off to round up the troop.

When the boys heard what had happened they were not only ready, but determined to rescue Stephen. They listened intently to the plans and each took note of the duties assigned him.

Then they piled into a dilapidated station wagon and set out along the only road leading to the foothills.

The road dwindled to a small cart track as they neared a crag, and the troop left the car about a mile from the huge pile of black rock which reared itself starkly against the clear blue sky.

Climbing to the flat, almost table-like top, they struck camp, ate breakfast and then split up into patrols; each group going to a different point laid out by the scoutmaster. They were equipped with signalling flags and field glasses and were instructed to return before nightfall and report.

The scoutmaster and two boys kept a sharp lookout and just as the sun was getting low, one of the boys cried:

"Look!" And he pointed excitedly toward the west. "Smoke—it looks queer, too."

"Smoke," smiled the scoutmaster. "It's probably cattle-rustlers camping."

He adjusted the field glasses and squinted one eye.

"By jove!" he shouted. "It's a signal. Give me a pencil and pad quickly."

Puffs of smoke rose slowly, apparently right from the ground. They spiralled upward in a lazy way, gradually spreading in the thin air. Three short puffs. Three long puffs. Again three short puffs.

"S.O.S." cried the scoutmaster, taking down the dots and dashes. The message continued and he read aloud as he wrote it down.

"In the Limestone Quarry Stephen Rogers."

Whipping the message into his pocket, the scoutmaster took up the flags and the next instant the white strips were flicking vigorously. Then, in the distance from the four patrols, came the answers.

"Have seen message. Proceeding to Quarry."

"Come on, boys," he said. "We'll pick up the patrols along the way."

They took a running walk, cutting across country. Two of the patrols fell in step with them along the way, and hirty minutes of an even pace brought them to the Quarry where they met the other two divisions.

"We'll split into parties of fifteen," commanded the scoutmaster, "and rush the eating hut and office when I give the word. Mind how you go down."

Slowly, with heavy sticks clasped in their hands, the boys crept down the steep sides of the Quarry. And then, on a sharp blast of the whistle, they rushed the two buildings.

James, the chauffeur, was in the office and caught completely unaware. After a short scuffle, they bound him securely. In a few minutes he confessed he had been planted in the Rogers' home by the arson gang to kidnap Stephen.

Meantime, in the eating hut, they found Stephen half stifled by the smoke from his signal fire. But cool water from the scout canteens, and fresh air soon revived him.

MR. ROGERS received the whole troop in his house as he welcomed home his son. His drawn face relaxed and he sat close to Stephen to explain.

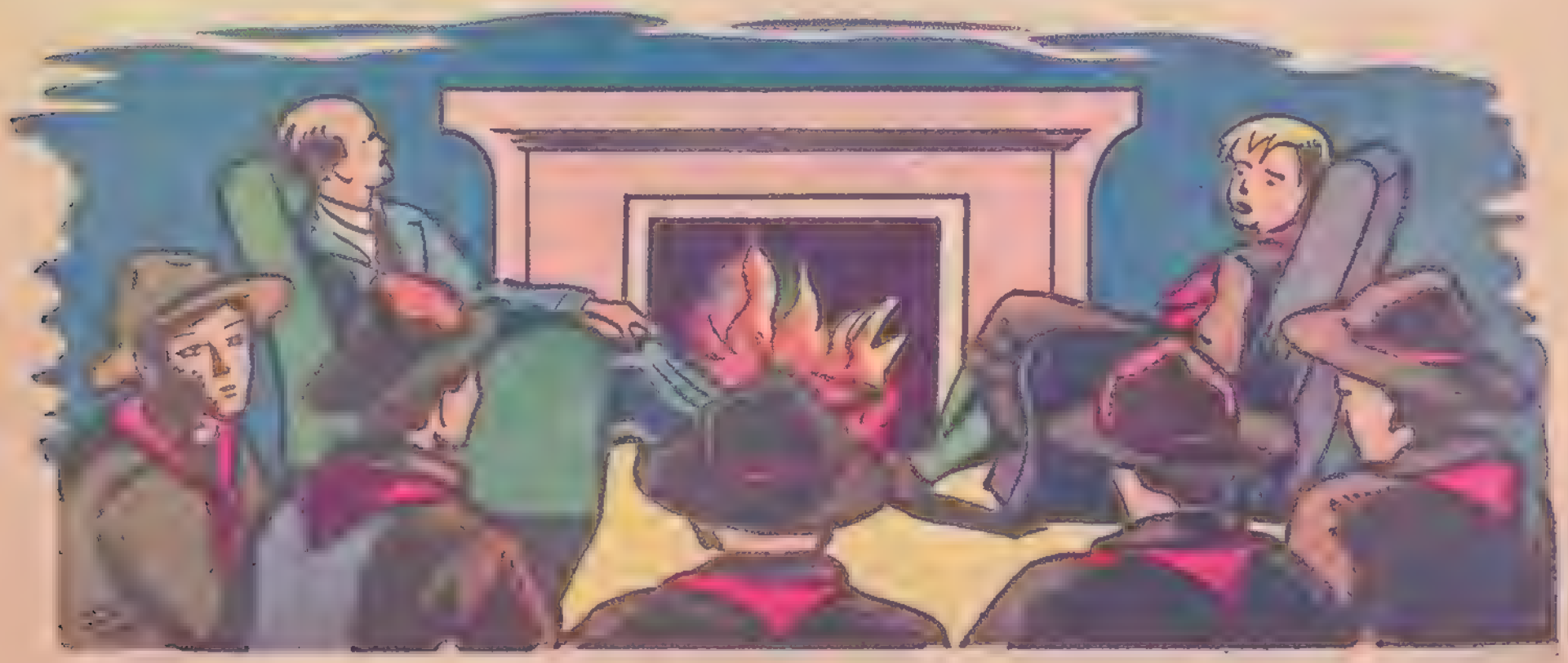
"Several months ago, a number of insurance companies asked me to get the goods on a widespread gang of fire-raisers. It has been a prickly long-drawn-out affair and somehow they got onto what I was doing. But already I had enough evidence to convict them all and I had planned to lay it before the investigation committee Monday. In a desperate attempt to waylay me, they got Stephen." Mr. Rogers smiled. "I am deeply grateful to you boys and your leader for handling this whole thing so neatly."

"Not at all," smiled the scoutmaster. "It was Stephen who did the trick. In a hundred years, I would never have thought of sending an SOS with smoke up a chimney."

Then he slipped his hand into his pocket and turned to Stephen with a broad grin.

"You've passed your signalling test, Stephen. Stick out your chest for your badge!"

"BRAVO!" chorused the troop, and Stephen felt a thrill of pride.



Wise Quacks

Edited by Donald Duck

Jack: It's night Mother.

Mother: How do you know?

Jack: I heard the stars twinkle tinkle.

John Fox
Scottsville, Va.
Age 7

Jack: (at the zoo) Look at that troop of monkeys over there.

Bill: What do you mean *troup?* I don't see any guns or uniforms on them!

Frank Thomas
Santa Marta, Columbia
South America
Age 12

Little William was eating his salad when he found a button in it, and remarked: "I guess it popped off while the salad was dressing."

Alta Bowlin
Kenneth Mo.
Age 11

Teacher: Bobby, spell *blind pig.*

Bobby: B-l-n-d P-g.

Teacher: But you left the "I's" out.

Bobby: The pig cannot see so he doesn't need eyes.

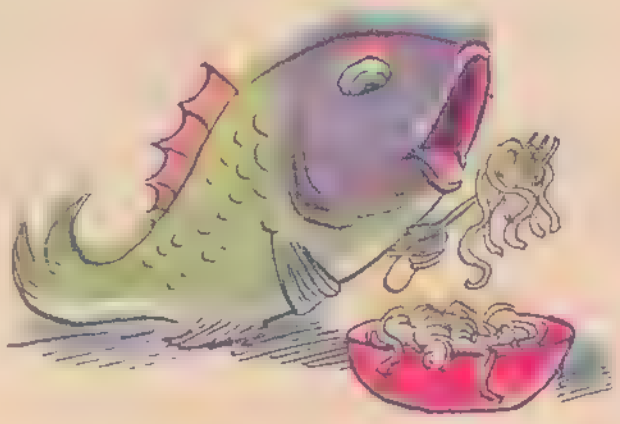
Harvey Seletsky
Roxbury, Mass.
Age 9

Boy: Father, what are these holes in the shed?

Father: Oh, they're knot holes.

Boy: If they're not holes what are they?

Dorothy Dieckmann
San Rafael, Calif.
Age 12



"What did you find?" asked the little girl's mother as she picked something off the ground.

"Oh, just one of those spaghettis that you fish with," said the little girl.

Shirley Ann Weller
Hollywood, Calif.
Age 4

Mandy, the colored washwoman, was talking to the woman she worked for one day about her worthless husband who refused to deliver her wash.

"Is he older than you, Mandy?" asked the lady.

"Yessum, dat ole no-account man am twelve years older dan ah is!"

"Then," said the lady sadly, "it must be a case of May having married December."

"No ma'm, it ain't dat! It am more like Labor Day done married April Fool!"

Darlene Sikir
Chelsea, Iowa

Send your joke in today—which is your permission for us to print it—and don't forget to give your name, address and age. You may win a prize! Address your letter to DONALD DUCK, Editor, 1270 Sixth Avenue, New York City.

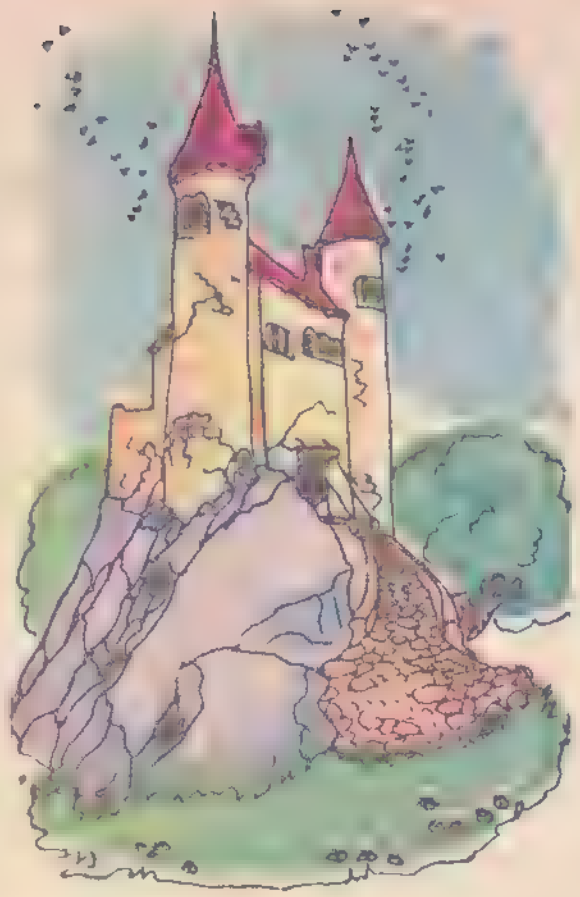
RICHARD THE LION-HEARTED

Continued from page 11

The English king found himself with only one attendant, on the soil of his enemy, the Archduke of Austria.

For months he was kept a prisoner, and then the Archduke turned him over to the German Emperor who locked him in a tower. None of his people knew where he was. But the story is that one of his knights who was a minstrel, had often made up songs with Richard.

Knowing that the king must be imprisoned somewhere in Germany, he journeyed from castle to castle. And under the walls of each one, he sang a verse of one of the songs they had made together. One day another voice took up the second verse,



and then the minstrel knew where Richard was.

He returned as soon as he could to England, and told the king's mother and wife. They begged the emperor to release him, and even asked the Pope to take their part. At last his mother, as powerful in her old age as she had been in her youth, went herself to Germany, paid a ransom, and returned with her son.

So the lion-hearted king came again to England. His brother John was not brave enough to stand against him when he was near at hand, and order was restored once more.

People have remembered Richard as a warrior for more than eight hundred years. He can also be remembered as a poet, for some of the songs he made stand out as examples of the best writing of the Middle Ages.

The End

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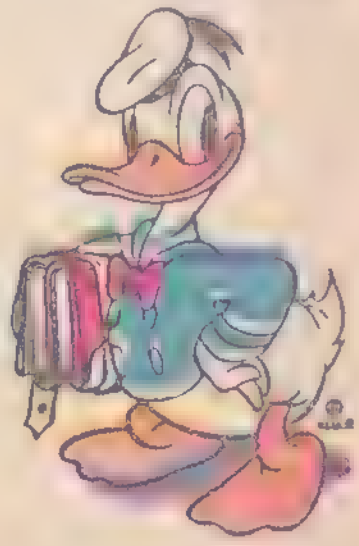

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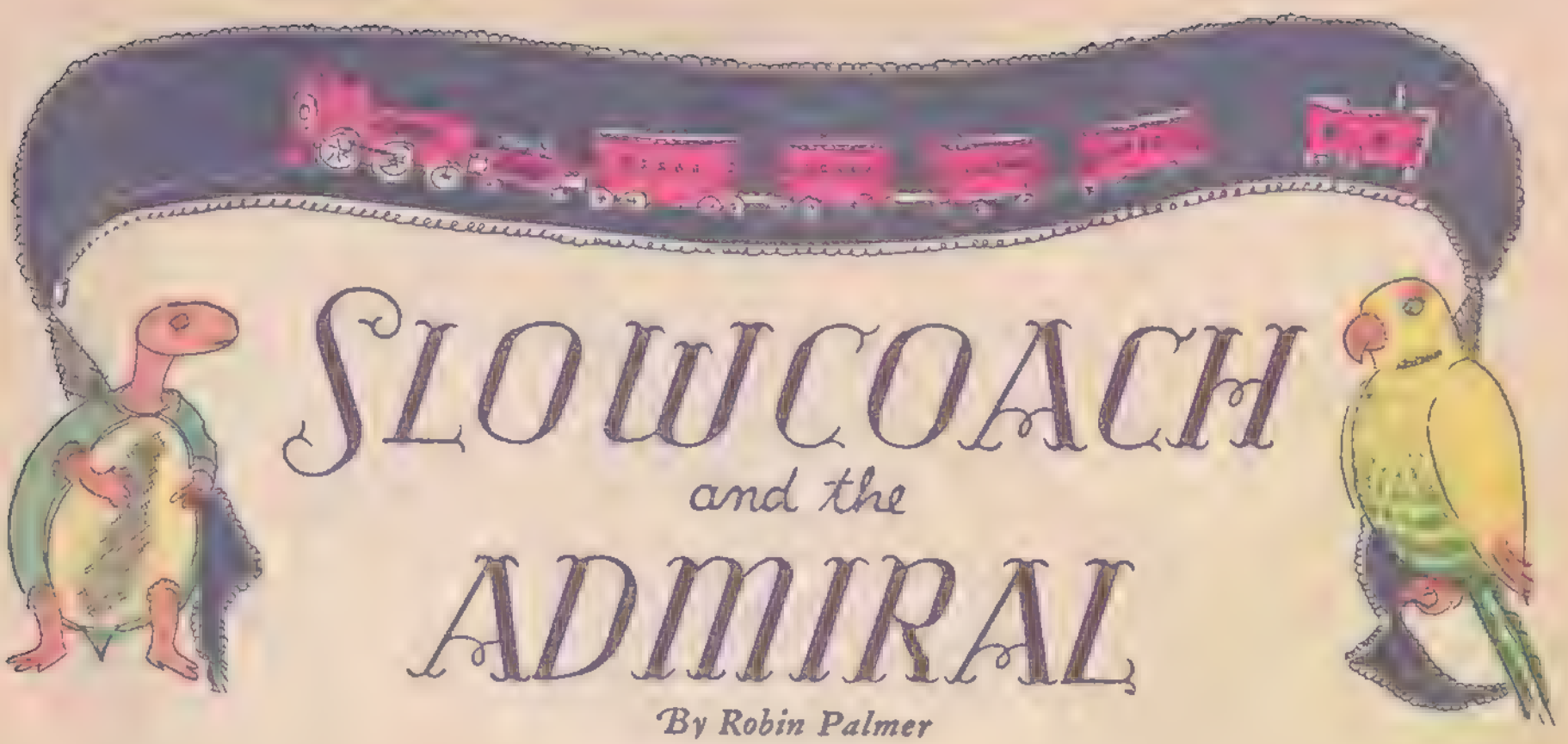


SLOWCOACH and the ADMIRAL

By Robin Palmer

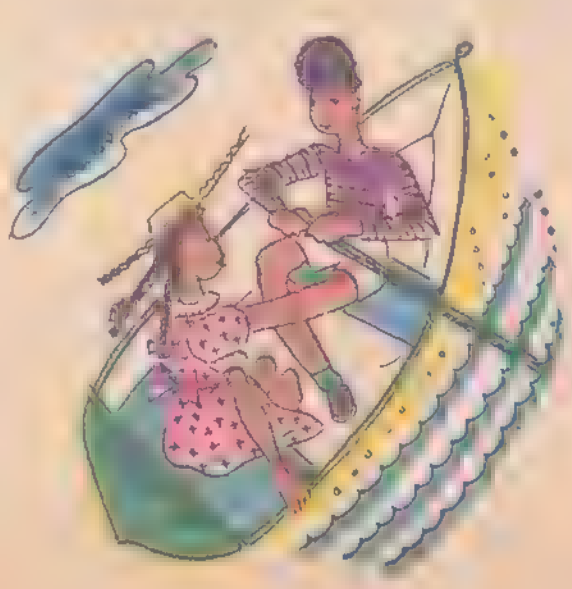
IF YOU have ever spent a summer on an island in Maine, you will know that it is exciting to get a telegram. On Periwinkle Island there was no telephone, so the message could not come that way. And the telegraph clerk in the village did not have a boat, so there was no chance of a yellow envelope being delivered. But when Jane went to get her bathing suit off the line, she gave a shout. "Oh, Alan, come quickly. There's a telegram for us."

Everyone ran out of the cottage and looked across the strip of water that separated the island from the shore. On the top of a little hill was a flagpole, and at the top of the pole hung a small red flag. That flag meant: "Telegram for the Carters." If it had been a white one, it would have meant that there was a telegram for the Wilsons, who lived on the next island.

"May we go, mother?" cried Jane. "It's the first telegram this summer."

"You and Alan go together," Mrs. Carter said. "And read the message before you come back, if you like. I imagine father is letting us know when he will arrive."

Alan untied the boat and pushed off, as his sister settled in the stern seat. Jane did not ask to be allowed to row because she and Alan had agreed at the beginning of the summer that he would always row across to the village and she would row coming back. "Let's decide forever," Alan had said. "It wastes so much time when we argue."



In less than ten minutes they reached the dock, and they raced up the path to the general store which was also a post office and a place to receive telegrams. Jane read the message aloud: "Cannot get away this week-end take sleeper home Monday night Bob."

"Sleeper," repeated Alan, "Yippee! Won't that be fun!"

Jane's eyes sparkled. She had never been on a sleeping car. "What luck!" she cried. "Come on home and tell mother."

But strangely enough, when they told her, mother was not at all pleased. "How can I manage it?" she said. "Packing and closing the cottage and taking you four on the train." She said "four" because Jane and Alan had a small brother and sister.

"We'll help," Jane offered. "It's such an adventure, mother. We have gone down so often in the car that we know every road sign and filling station. But we've NEVER slept on a train. It will be simply wonderful."

IN THE afternoon mother went to the village to see about railroad tickets. Jane and Alan sat on the dock and talked over their plans for the trip. "I am going to carry the parrot," Alan began. "It's lucky we have a new cage for him at home, because the dog hamper is so much easier to handle. Anyway I think the admiral likes to travel in a hamper."

"Perhaps he pretends he is a dog," Jane suggested. "But I'm not worrying about the admiral. He always is looked after. It is Slowcoach I have to think of. If we mention him to mother, she will probably tell us to leave him up here. Mother isn't really interested in turtles."

"Could you put him in your suitcase, do you think?" asked Alan.

"He might smother."

"Not if you left out some of your clothes to give him room. And you could raise the lid as soon as you get on the train. All you have to do is put a string around his shell so that he can't run away."

"That's a good idea," Jane agreed. "And it saves us bothering mother. It would be an awful bother for her to have to think about a turtle."

Alan jumped up. "Let's climb the big pine," he said. "It may be the last time this summer."

WHEN their mother came back from the railroad station, she was very solemn. "I almost couldn't get berths enough for us," she told the children. "So many schools are opening next week that all the trains are crowded."

"But you DID get them, didn't you?" asked Jane.

"Yes, I did, but not the ones I wanted. I had to take two in one car and two in the other. Do you think you and Alan would be frightened if you weren't in the same car with me?"

"Frightened," snorted Alan. "Why mother, I'm eleven. I'm not afraid of anything."

"The berths are opposite each other, too," Mrs. Carter went on. "All the lowers had been taken."

"Yippee!" Alan cried. "Upper berths! I wish we were starting this minute."

"I don't," said Jane. "Of course I'm glad about the sleeper, but I do hate to leave our island."

"It will be here next summer," mother replied. "Come indoors, I think it's your turn to make the supper."

There were so many things to do, and so many places to visit and wish goodbye for another year, that before the children realized it they were on the station platform, waiting for the train. At last it came, roaring and puffing like a great dragon, and they all climbed in and made their way between the heavy green curtains.

Mother helped Alan and Jane into their berths before she went into the next car. "Button up the curtains and go to sleep," she said. "Remember I am right here if you need me."

Alan laughed. "We won't need you," he answered. "Why should we? Nothing could happen, could it?"

"Indeed not," cried mother. "Nothing could possibly happen."

AFTER she had left them, the children undressed and crawled into bed. Alan had lifted the hamper in which the admiral was riding and placed it at the foot of his berth, so that he would have company during the night. And Jane had not forgotten to unfasten the suitcase to give her turtle enough air. Everything had been attended to, and they settled down to enjoy the rocking and jerking of the train.

It seemed to Jane that only a few minutes had passed when she heard a loud and far from pretty voice singing: "My Country 'Tis of Thee". Jane rubbed her eyes and wondered where she was. Then, as she listened, she recognized the voice. The admiral was fond of singing.

She stuck her head between the curtains and peered down the dimly-lighted aisle.

"Land of the pilgrim's pride," sang the parrot. And his voice grew louder and hoarser than ever.

"Cut that out," cried one of the passengers. "We want to sleep."

The admiral was silent for a few minutes, and then he began his other favorite: "Rock-a-bye baby."

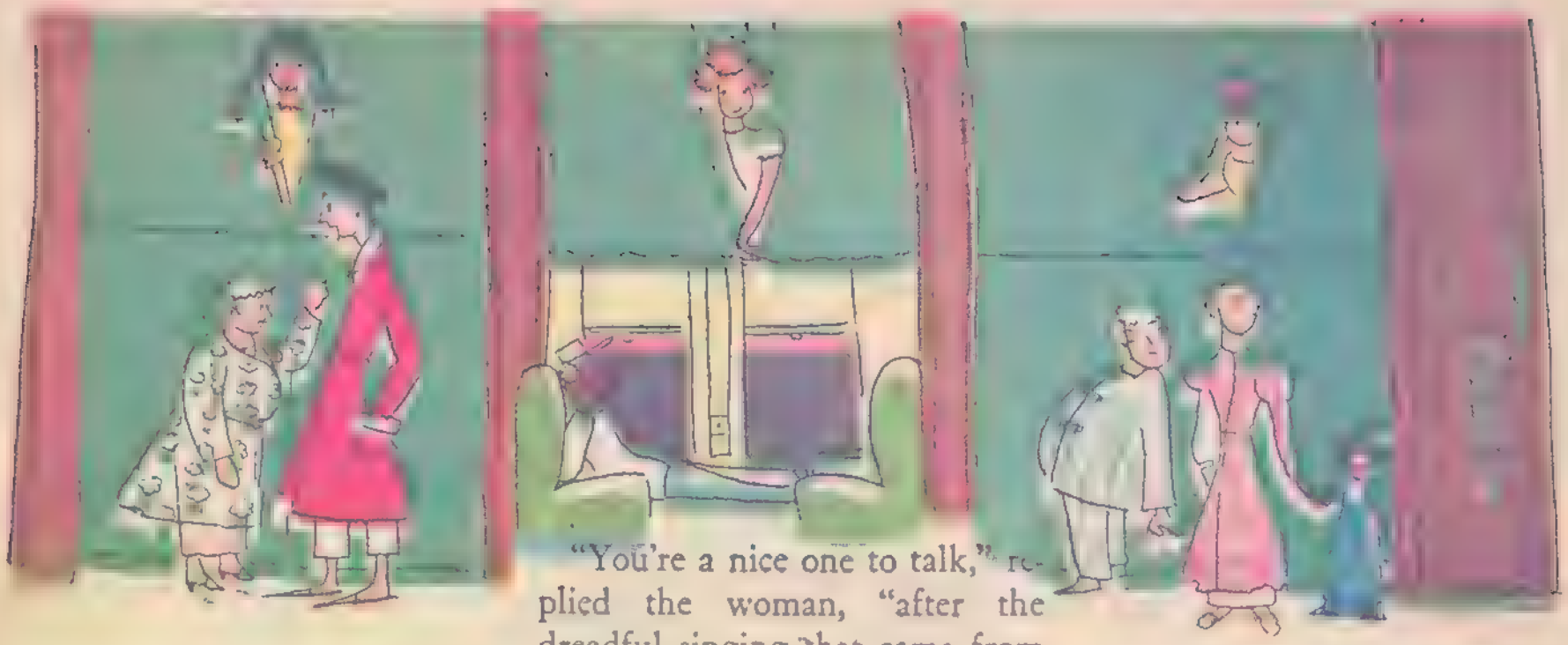
"Who is that?" shouted the passenger.

But the admiral had finished his song, and did not care to repeat it. Once again the car was quiet, except for the rumbling of the train. Jane hid her face in the pillow so that no one would hear her laugh. It was so silly to think of their parrot disturbing all these strangers in the middle of the night. She tied the end of the turtle's string around her wrist, so that there would be no danger of his wandering off and causing another commotion. Then she lay back and went to sleep.

In the opposite berth Alan was less comfortable. "Suppose the admiral is noisy all night long," he thought, "the conductor may come and put him off the train. It would not be hard to locate a voice like that if he walked up and down the aisle." Alan imagined the curtains being thrown back and an angry porter asking him what he was carrying in that hamper. However, there was no use worrying now, for apparently the parrot had gone to sleep.

JANE was never quite certain what waked her up. Perhaps several things did. For the turtle's cord pulled hard on her wrist, and at the same moment a woman screamed: "Help! Help! I've been robbed. Help! Help!"

Jane raised her arm and pulled Slowcoach back into the berth. She even shut him in the suitcase before she stuck her head through the curtains. The car was in great confusion. All the way down the aisle heads were sticking out, white heads and bald heads, towsled heads bright with metal curlers. But it was the woman in the berth below Jane's who was making all the racket.



"Land sakes ma'am, what's the matter?" cried the porter.

"I've been robbed, I tell you," the woman replied. "Someone jumped into my berth, pulled the purse from under my pillow and escaped through the window."

"I don't see how that could be," said the porter, who was half asleep. "Them windows is screened, besides being too small to jump through."

"Who would jump through a window with the train going this fast?" asked someone else.

"She has had a nightmare," growled the man across the aisle.

"Are you sure you've been robbed?" the porter inquired. "We all dreams things sometimes."

The woman was furious. "Of course I have been robbed," she cried. "I never dream." Then she moved the pillow, and to her amazement, there lay the pocket book. "Why, the train is haunted!" she cried. "Here is my purse back again—stolen and then put back. I never heard of such a thing. It's very curious."

"Can't we have a little less noise," suggested the man opposite.

"You're a nice one to talk," replied the woman, "after the dreadful singing that came from your berth. I couldn't sleep a wink with your squawking."

"My squawking indeed," cried the man. "I don't know anything about that singing."

"Oh no," said the woman. "I suppose you think that poor little boy did it."

Alan's face grew very red. He, too, had been leaning out in the aisle. But now he pulled in his head, and he was very much relieved when someone called: "Do be quiet" and the passengers settled down to sleep once more.

Jane bent over Slowcoach and scolded him. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself," she whispered. "When I am good enough to let you have some exercise, you don't have to fall out of bed and land on a lady's stomach. Such a funny lady, too!" And Jane began to laugh again.

They dressed early in the morning, because they had to leave the train at six-thirty. Everything went smoothly until the moment when they took their bags and started to the door. The admiral being rudely awakened, shouted: "Help! Help! Let me out! Help! Help!"

And as she left the car, Jane heard the woman say to the man across the aisle: "You think you are very witty, don't you?"

The next minute father was lifting them down the steps and asking whether they liked to ride on trains.

"We weren't in the same car with mother," Alan said.

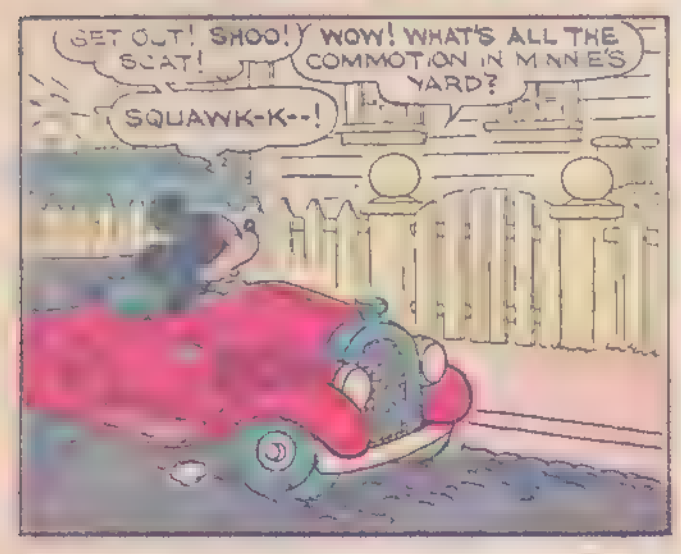
"Well, that makes you real travellers, doesn't it?" cried father. "Of course you wouldn't have any reason to be afraid. Nothing ever happens on trains."

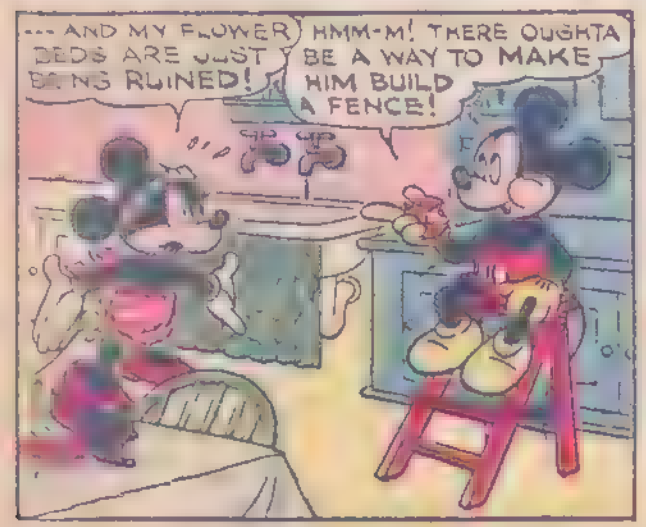
Alan looked at Jane. "No, I don't suppose it does," he said.

M	A	N	■	B	A	T
U	S	■	M	■	T	O
D	■	Y	E	S	■	N
■	B	A	T	H	E	■
G	■	M	A	E	■	C
A	D	■	L	■	D	A
S	O	N	■	C	O	T

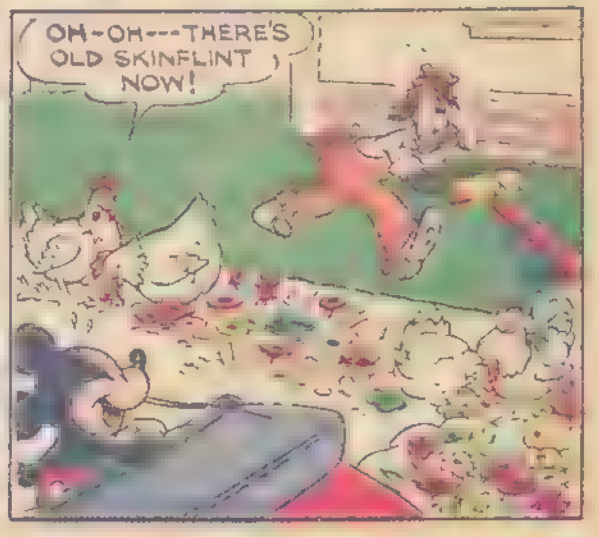
Solution to Crossword Puzzle

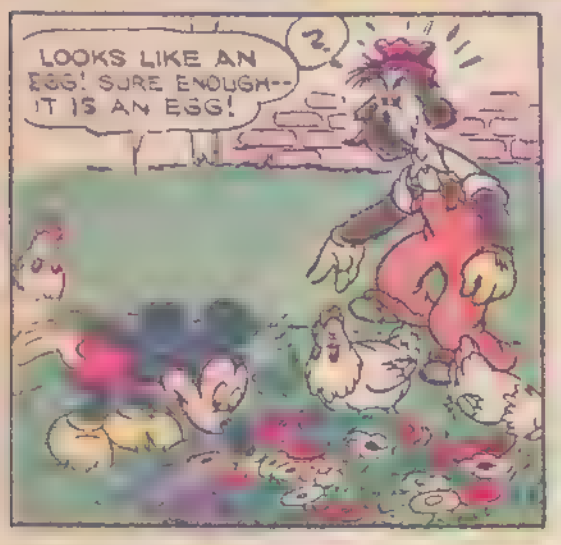
MICKEY MOUSE

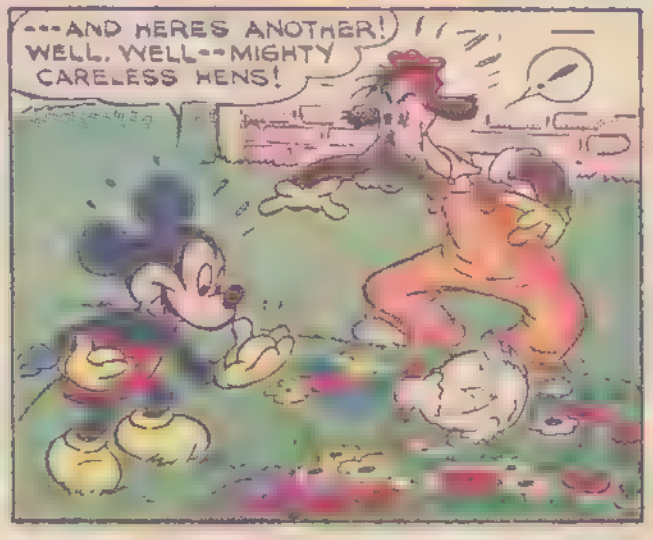


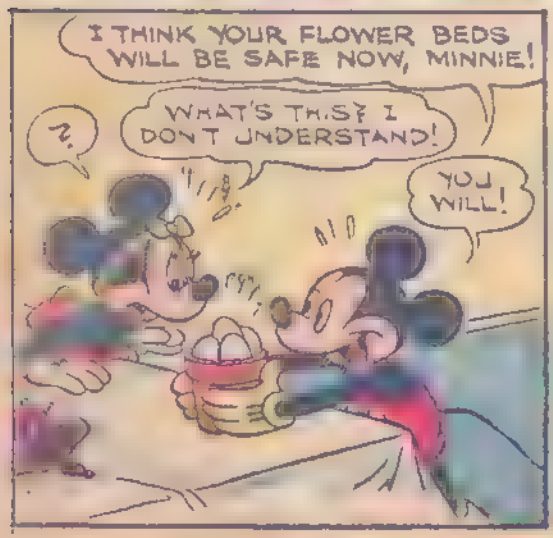


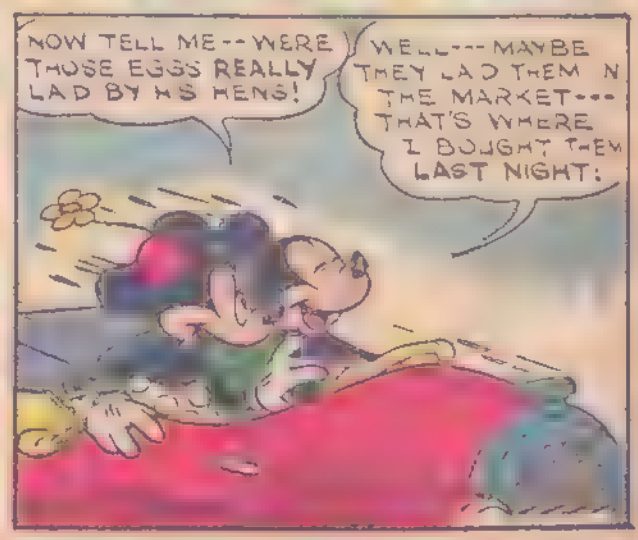
NEXT MORNING



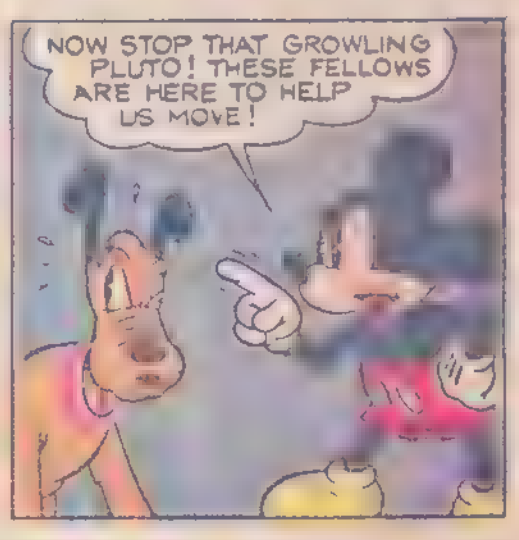


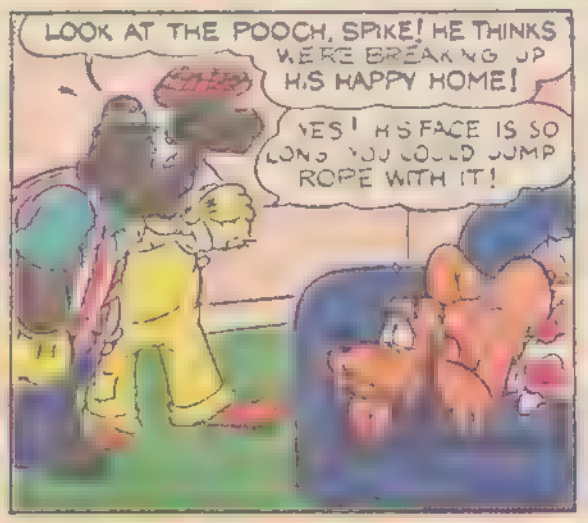


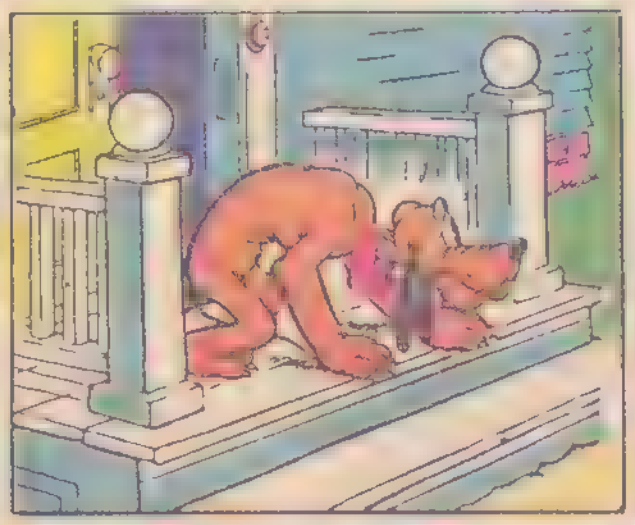


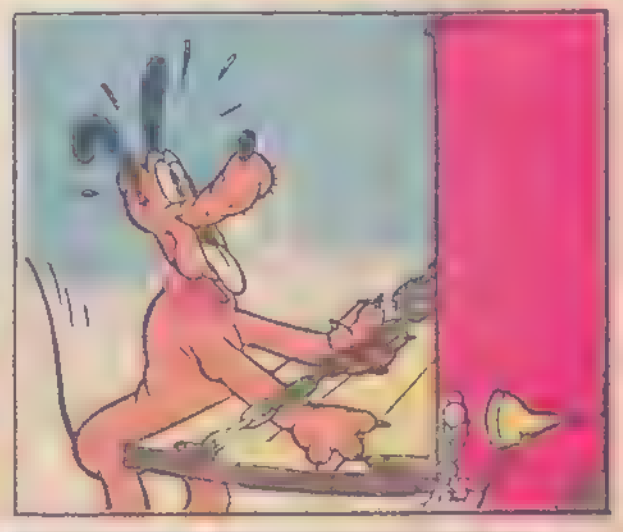

NOW TELL ME--WERE THOSE EGGS REALLY LAID BY HIS HENS!
WELL---MAYBE THEY LAID THEM IN THE MARKET--- THAT'S WHERE I BOUGHT THEM LAST NIGHT!

PLUTO THE PUP

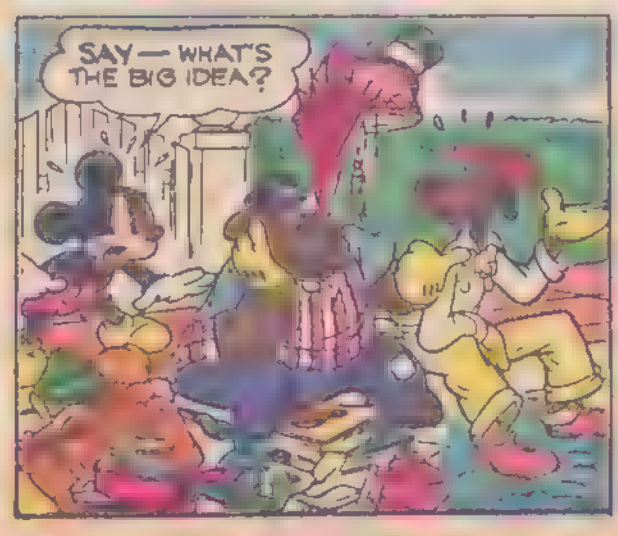


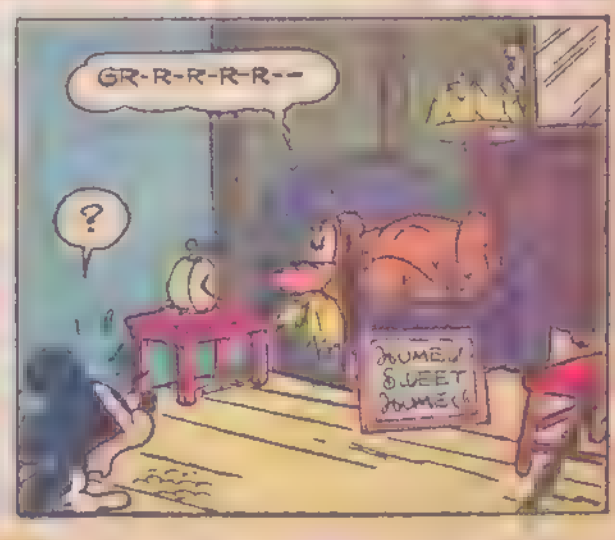






MEANWHILE AT THE NEW HOUSE.





MICKEY

OLD BARNEY AND HIS NEW-FOUND GIRL FRIEND HAVE CRUISED AWAY TO THE FROZEN NORTH, LEAVING MICKEY WELL-SATISFIED WITH THE SUCCESS OF HIS PLAN.

I RECKON WE SHOWED THE SKIPPER WE KNOW HOW TO TAKE CARE OF WHALES!

YES--GUESS WE'RE FINALLY OUT OF THE DOG-HOUSE!

WAIT FOR ME! I WANT TO SEE THE OLD MAN FEELING SKIPPER FOR ONCE!

YOU DUMB BUNGLING SILLIES! NOW YOU HAVE DONE IT! OLD BARNEY'S GONE FOR GOOD WHERE I'LL NEVER CATCH HIM!

YOU'VE COST ME THE LAST CHANCE AT THAT WHALE! NOW I LOSE MY BOAT--EVERYTHING!

BUT I'M TRYING TO TELL Y--!

'SCUSE ME, CAP'N! TWO GENTS JUST COME ABOARD--THEY'RE FROM THAT NEW SHIP!

WHAT? WHO ARE THEY?

WE'RE FROM THE AMALGAMATED CANNERIES, CAPTAIN! THIS YOUNG CHAP HERE--HE BELONGS TO YOUR CREW?

I HAVE TO ADMIT THAT HE DOES--DARN HIM!

?

WELL, YOU'RE TO BE CONGRATULATED, SIR! YOU'VE JUST WON THE REWARD FOR OLD BARNEY!

WHAT?

I'VE WON THE REWARD, YOU SAY? IMPOSSIBLE! WHY WE DIDN'T CAPTURE OLD BARNEY---HE GOT AWAY!

JUST SO! BUT OUR CIRCULAR DISTINCTLY STATES THAT THE REWARD IS FOR "KILLING, CAPTURING OR OTHERWISE RIDDING THE FISHING WATERS OF THE WHALE!"

AND THIS YOUNG MAN'S LITTLE TRICK CERTAINLY GOT RID OF HIM!

HM-M-MT AND HOW D YOU KNOW THE CIRCULAR READ THAT WAY?

YOU SHOWED ME THE ONE IN YOUR CABIN, SIR!

BRRHMPH! YES--OF COURSE!

MOUSE

MICKEY'S PLAN HAS TURNED THE TRICK AND THE "LADY DAFFODIL" WINS THE BIG PRIZE!

WELL, WE'RE FINALLY RID OF THAT WHALE AND THE REWARD WILL BE WAITING FOR YOU WHEN YOU DOCK!

THANKS TO MICKEY MOUSE, YOU MEN WILL BE PAID ALL YOUR BACK WAGES AS SOON AS YOU LAND!

HOORAY FOR MICKEY!!

I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY TO YOU, LAD! YOU PULLED ME THROUGH A PRETTY HOPELESS SPOT!

THAT'S ALL RIGHT, SIR! IT---ER--- I'LL BE GETTING BACK TO THE GALLEY!

LIKE BLAZES! DO YOU THINK YOU'RE A DAD-BURNED CABIN BOY? YOU'RE HAVING DINNER WITH ME!

THE "DAFFODIL'S" JUBILANT CAPTAIN INSISTS ON MICKEY AND GOOFY CELEBRATING WITH HIM AT DINNER.

SEEMS MIGHTY GOOD TO KNOW THIS OLD VESSEL'S GOING TO BE MINE AGAIN!

YES YOU WON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT THAT MORTGAGE ANY MORE!

THE "DAFFODIL'S" CREW, GLUM AND SOUR FOR SO LONG, SNAP OUT OF IT WITH A WILD CELEBRATION !

UH-HAW! I'LL SHOW YOU SOME STEPS, B'GAWRSH!

WHAT'S THAT --A HORNPIPE?

NOPE! IT'S THE SHAG!

HAW! HAW!

AVAST, THERE! WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THIS HIGH JINKS, WITHOUT ASKING ME?

LOADED WITH A FINE CARGO OF FISH, THE "LADY DAFFODIL" HAS DOCKED AT MICKEY'S HOME PORT WHERE HE AND GOOFY FIRST EMBARKED.

GOODBYE, ME LAD! I WISH YOU WOULD ACCEPT A PART OF THE REWARD MONEY! YOU SURELY EARNED IT!

TIMID ELMER by WALT DISNEY.

THE OLD GIRAFFE SHOWS ELMER A MAGIC ACORN! WHOEVER CARRIES IT HAS COURAGE AND STRENGTH UNBEATABLE!

I DON'T KNOW IF I SHOULD TRUST YOU WITH THIS YOU MIGHT PUT IT TO SOME BAD PURPOSE!

OH, NO, SIR! I JUST NEED COURAGE-- OR SOMETHING!

COURAGE, HEY? WELL, IF I GIVE YOU THIS ACORN YOU'LL BE SO COCKY, YOU'LL WANT TO--! NO, I BETTER NOT!

PLEASE, SIR---!

ALL RIGHT, SON--HERE IT IS! BUT BE VERY CAREFUL HOW YOU USE ITS POWER! REMEMBER--YOU CAN'T BE LICKED!

HONEST?

COME HERE SON!

AND YOU'VE GOT A MAGIC ACORN! YOU'RE EVEN GREATER!

GREAT OAKS FROM LITTLE ACORNS GROW

GOSH!

THANK YOU VERY MUCH, MR.---

DON'T THANK ME! THANK THAT ACORN-- AND DON'T LOSE IT!

I'M STRONG -- AND COURAGEOUS--AND I-- I CAN'T BE LICKED! OH, BOY!

BRR-R-RAT-TA-TA-TAT!!!

!

BLAH-BLAH-BLAH! FOOEY ON YOU!

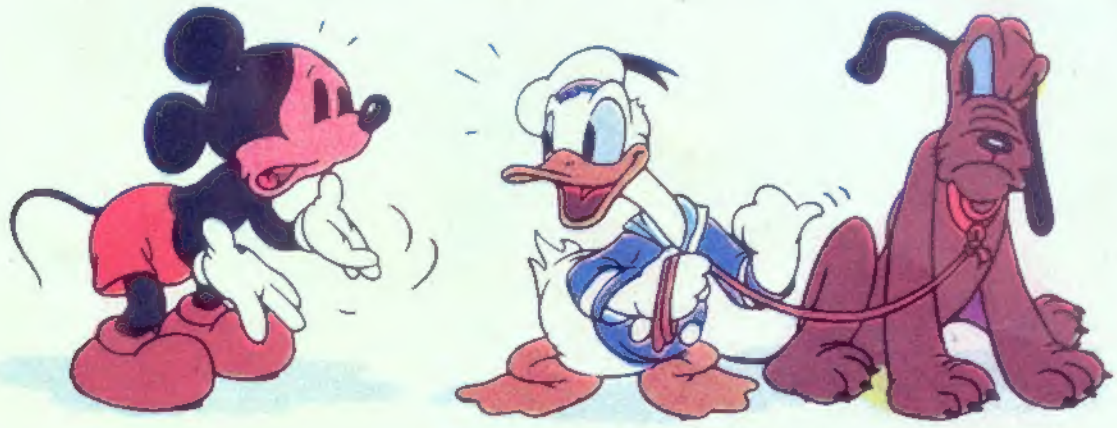
BOY-OH-BOY! IT WORKS!

LET ME AT THAT GOOCH GORILLA! LET ME AT HIM! GRR-R-R!

CONTINUED.

WALT DISNEY STORY BOOKS

What the Stories are About



DONALD DUCK AND HIS FRIENDS

TOLD by JEAN AYER. From Mickey and Donald's meeting with Hortense the ostrich, to the finish of Donald's lucky-unlucky day, these stories have gaiety, humor, and suspense. Not all of Donald's and Mickey's enterprises meet with the success of the adventure with the fire engine: Goofy spoiled their sport as boatbuilders, Pluto balked at the dog show, and Donald the Explorer had a bad time with the penguins. But it's all good fun, especially to the lucky children who read these stories.

MICKEY NEVER FAILS

TOLD by ROBIN PALMER. Mickey fell in love at first sight with the new house. It had an oil burner, a cellar playroom and a tiled kitchen. Minnie didn't care so much for the house at first; she wanted a crocodile. When she came to live in Mickey's house with Aunt Matilda and Morty and Monty, there were plenty of chances for Mickey to show how brave and resourceful he was, especially in the matter of Minnie's crocodile.

SCHOOL DAYS IN DISNEYVILLE

TOLD by CAROLINE EMERSON. School days were exciting in Disneyville when Donald and Mickey and the Three Little Pigs went to school. Mickey was a hero more than once when the Big Bad Wolf came snooping around. Donald was good in arithmetic, but he couldn't bear spelling. That made trouble for everyone, because when Donald didn't work well he got into mischief.

THE LITTLE PIG'S PICNIC AND OTHER STORIES

TOLD by MARGARET WISE BROWN. Here are all the farmyard creatures that Walt Disney interprets in appealing fashion: the Ugly Duckling, the lonely little colt, the little pig in search of her supper, Pluto's adopted chicks, and the orphan kittens. The stories of the busy ants, the carefree grasshopper, and the flying mouse bring together some of Disney's most successful and fantastic interpretations of animal life.

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DONALD'S PENGUIN

IN TECHNICOLOR

IF this grand Donald Duck picture is on the bill of your favorite movie you don't need to worry about the rest of the program . . . Donald will make it a great day for you—in one of his funniest releases to date!

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